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DON ORSINO.<sup>1</sup>

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## CHAPTER XXIII.

ORSINO was not in an enviable frame of mind when he left the hotel. It is easier to bear suffering when one clearly understands all its causes, and distinguishes justly how great a part of it is inevitable, and how great a part may be avoided or mitigated. In the present case there was much in the situation which it passed his power to analyse or comprehend. He still possessed the taste for discovering motives in the actions of others as well as in his own, but many months of a busy life had dulled the edge of the artificial logic in which he had formerly delighted, while greatly sharpening his practical wit. Artificial analysis supplies from the imagination the details lacking in facts, but common sense needs something more tangible upon which to work. Orsino felt that the chief circumstance which had determined Maria Consuelo's conduct had escaped him, and he sought in vain to detect it.

He rejected the supposition that she was acting upon a caprice, that she had yesterday believed it possible to marry him, while a change of humour made marriage seem out of the question to-day. She was as capricious as most women, perhaps, but not enough so for that. Besides, she had been really consistent. Not even yesterday had she been shaken for a moment in her

resolution not to be Orsino's wife. To-day had confirmed yesterday, therefore. However Orsino might have still doubted her intention when he had gone to her side for the last time, her behaviour then and her final words had been unmistakable. She meant to leave Rome at once.

Yet the reasons she had given him for her conduct were not sufficient in his eyes. The difference of age was so small that it could safely be disregarded. Her promise to the dying Aranjuez was an engagement, he thought, by which no person of sense should expect her to abide. As for the question of her birth, he relied on that speech of Spicca's which he so well remembered. Spicca might have spoken the words thoughtlessly, it was true, and believing that Orsino would never, in any circumstances whatever, think seriously of marrying Maria Consuelo. But Spicca was not a man who often spoke carelessly, and what he said generally meant at least as much as it appeared to mean.

It was doubtless true that Maria Consuelo was ignorant of her mother's name. Nevertheless, it was quite possible that her mother had been Spicca's wife. Spicca's life was said to be full of strange events not generally known. But though his daughter might, and doubtless did, believe herself a nameless child, and, as such, no match for the heir of the

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Saracinesca, Orsino could not see why she should have insisted upon a parting so sudden, so painful, and so premature. She knew as much yesterday and had known it all along. Why, if she possessed such strength of character, had she allowed matters to go so far when she could easily have interrupted the course of events at an earlier period? He did not admit that she perhaps loved him so much as to have been carried away by her passion until she found herself on the point of doing him an injury by marrying him, and that her love was strong enough to induce her to sacrifice herself at the critical moment. Though he loved her much he did not believe her to be heroic in any way. On the contrary, he said to himself that if she were sincere, and if her love were at all like his own, she would let no obstacle stand in the way of it. To him, the test of love must be its utter recklessness. He could not believe that a still better test may be, and is, the constant forethought for the object of love, and the determination to protect that object from all danger in the present and from all suffering in the future, no matter at what cost.

Perhaps it is not easy to believe that recklessness is a manifestation of the second degree of passion, while the highest shows itself in painful sacrifice. Yet the most daring act of chivalry never called for half the bravery shown by many a martyr at the stake, and if courage be a measure of true passion, the passion which will face life-long suffering to save its object from unhappiness or degradation is greater than the passion which, for the sake of possessing its object, drags it into danger and the risk of ruin. It may be that all this is untrue, and that the action of these two imaginary individuals, the one sacrificing himself, the other endangering the loved one, is dependent upon the balance of the animal, intellectual, and moral elements in each. We do not know much about the causes of what we feel, in

spite of modern analysis; but the heart rarely deceives us, when we can see the truth for ourselves, into bestowing the more praise upon the less brave of two deeds. But we do not often see the truth as it is. We know little of the lives of others, but we are apt to think that other people understand our own very well, including our good deeds if we have done any, and we expect full measure of credit for these, and the utmost allowance of charity for our sins. In other words, we desire our neighbour to combine a power of forgiveness almost divine with a capacity for flattery more than parasitic. That is why we are not easily satisfied with our acquaintances, and that is why our friends do not always turn out to be truthful persons. We ask too much for the low price we offer, and if we insist we get the imitation.

Orsino loved Maria Consuelo with all his heart, as much as a young man of little more than one-and-twenty can love the first woman to whom he is seriously attached. There was nothing heroic in the passion, perhaps, nothing which could ultimately lead to great results. But it was a strong love, nevertheless, with much of devotion in it and some latent violence. If he did not marry Maria Consuelo, it was not likely that he would ever love again in exactly the same way. His next love would be either far better or far worse, far nobler or far baser—perhaps a little less human in either case.

He walked slowly away from the hotel, unconscious of the people in the street and not thinking of the direction he took. His brain was in a whirl, and his thoughts seemed to revolve round some central point upon which they could not concentrate themselves even for a second. The only thing of which he was sure was that Maria Consuelo had taken herself from him suddenly and altogether, leaving him with a sense of loneliness which he had not known before. He had gone to her in considerable distress about

his affairs, with the certainty of finding sympathy and perhaps advice. He came away, as some men have returned from a grave accident, apparently unscathed it may be, but temporarily deprived of some one sense, of sight, or hearing, or touch. He was not sure that he was awake, and his troubled reflections came back by the same unvarying round to the point he had reached the first time,—if Maria Consuelo really loved him, she would not let such obstacles as she spoke of hinder her union with him.

For a time Orsino was not conscious of any impulse to act. Gradually, however, his real nature asserted itself, and he remembered how he had told her not long ago that if she went away he would follow her, and how he had said that the world was small and that he would soon find her again. It would undoubtedly be a simple matter to accompany her, if she left Rome. He could easily ascertain the hour of her intended departure, and that alone would tell him the direction she had chosen. When she found that she had not escaped him she would very probably give up the attempt and come back, her humour would change, and his own eloquence would do the rest.

He stopped in his walk, looked at his watch, and glanced about him. He was at some distance from the hotel and it was growing dusk, for the days were already short. If Maria Consuelo really meant to leave Rome precipitately, she might go by the evening train to Paris, and in that case the people of the hotel would have been informed of her intended departure.

Orsino only admitted the possibility of her actually going away while believing in his heart that she would remain. He slowly retraced his steps, and it was seven o'clock before he asked the hotel porter by what train Madame d'Aranjuez was leaving. The porter did not know whether the lady was going north or south, but he called another man, who went in

search of a third, who disappeared for some time.

"Is it sure that Madame d'Aranjuez goes to-night?" asked Orsino trying to look indifferent.

"Quite sure. Her rooms will be free to-morrow."

Orsino turned away and slowly paced up and down the marble pavement between the tall plants, waiting for the messenger to come back.

"Madame d'Aranjuez leaves at nine forty-five," said the man, suddenly reappearing.

Orsino hesitated a moment, and then made up his mind.

"Ask madame if she will receive me for a moment," he said, producing a card.

The servant went away and again Orsino walked backwards and forwards, pale now and very nervous. She was really going, and was going north—probably to Paris.

"Madame regrets infinitely that she is not able to receive the Signor Prince," said the man in black at Orsino's elbow. "She is making her preparations for the journey."

"Show me where I can write a note," said Orsino, who had expected the answer.

He was shown into the reading-room and writing materials were set before him. He hurriedly wrote a few words to Maria Consuelo without form of address and without signature.

"I will not let you go without me. If you will not see me, I will be in the train, and I will not leave you, wherever you go. I am in earnest."

He looked at the sheet of note-paper and wondered that he should find nothing more to say. But he had said all he meant, and sealing the little note he sent it up to Maria Consuelo with a request for an immediate answer. Just then the dinner-bell of the hotel was rung. The reading-room was deserted. He waited five minutes, then ten, nervously turning over the newspapers and reviews on the long table, but quite unable to read even the printed titles. He rang and asked

if there had been no answer to his note. The man was the same whom he had sent before. He said the note had been received at the door by the maid, who had said that Madame d'Aranjuez would ring when her answer was ready. Orsino dismissed the servant and waited again. It crossed his mind that the maid might have pocketed the note and said nothing about it, for reasons of her own. He had almost determined to go up stairs and boldly enter the sitting-room, when the door opposite to him opened and Maria Consuelo herself appeared.

She was dressed in a dark, close-fitting travelling costume, but she wore no hat. Her face was quite colourless, and looked, if possible, even more unnaturally pale by contrast with her bright auburn hair. She shut the door behind her and stood still, facing Orsino in the glare of the electric lights.

"I did not mean to see you again," she said, slowly. "You have forced me to it."

Orsino made a step forward and tried to take her hand, but she drew back. The slight uncertainty often visible in the direction of her glance had altogether disappeared, and her eyes met Orsino's directly and fearlessly.

"Yes," he answered. "I have forced you to it. I know it, and you cannot reproach me if I have. I will not leave you. I am going with you wherever you go."

He spoke calmly, considering the great emotion he felt, and there was a quiet determination in his words and tone which told how much he was in earnest. Maria Consuelo half believed that she could dominate him by sheer force of will, and she would not give up the idea, even now.

"You will not go with me, you will not even attempt it," she said.

It would have been difficult to guess from her face at that moment that she loved him. Her face was pale and the expression was almost hard. She held her head high as though she were looking down at him, though he

towered above her from his shoulders.

"You do not understand me," he answered quietly. "When I say that I will go with you, I mean that I will go."

"Is this a trial of strength?" she asked after a moment's pause.

"If it is, I am not conscious of it. It costs me no effort to go; it would cost me much to stay behind, too much."

He stood quite still before her, looking steadily into her eyes. There was a short silence, and then she suddenly looked down, moved and turned away, beginning to walk slowly about. The room was large, and he paced the floor beside her, looking down at her bent head.

"Will you stay if I ask you to?" The question came in a lower and softer tone than she had used before.

"I will go with you," answered Orsino as firmly as ever.

"Will you do nothing for my asking?"

"I will do anything but that."

"But that is all I ask."

"You are asking the impossible."

"There are many reasons why you should not come with me. Have you thought of them all?"

"No."

"You should. You ought to know, without being told by me, that you would be doing me a great injustice and a great injury in following me. You ought to know what the world will say of it. Remember that I am alone."

"I will marry you."

"I have told you that it is impossible—no, do not answer me! I will not go over all that again. I am going away to-night. That is the principal thing, the only thing that concerns you. Of course, if you choose, you can get into the same train and pursue me to the end of the world. I cannot prevent you. I thought I could, but I was mistaken. I am alone. Remember that, Orsino. You know as well as I what will be said, and the fact is sure to be known."

"People will say that I am following you——"

"They will say that we are gone together, for every one will have reason to say it. Do you suppose that nobody is aware of our,—our intimacy during the last month?"

"Why not say our love?"

"Because I hope no one knows of that—well, if they do—Orsino, be kind! Let me go alone; as a man of honour, do not injure me by leaving Rome with me, nor by following me when I am gone!"

She stopped and looked up into his face with an imploring glance. To tell the truth, Orsino had not foreseen that she might appeal to his honour, alleging the danger to her reputation. He bit his lip and avoided her eyes. It was hard to yield, and to yield so quickly, as it seemed to him.

"How long will you stay away?" he asked in a constrained voice.

"I shall not come back at all."

He wondered at the firmness of her tone and manner. Whatever the real ground of her resolution might be, the resolution itself had gained strength since they had parted little more than an hour earlier. The belief suddenly grew upon him again that she did not love him.

"Why are you going at all?" he asked abruptly. "If you loved me at all, you would stay."

She drew a sharp breath and clasped her hands nervously together.

"I should stay if I loved you less. But I have told you; I will not go over it all again. This must end,—this saying good-bye! It is easier to end it at once."

"Easier for you——"

"You do not know what you are saying. You will know some day. If you can bear this, I cannot."

"Then stay,—if you love me, as you say you do."

"As I say I do!" Her eyes grew very grave and sad as she stopped and looked at him again. Then she held out both her hands. "I am going now. Good-bye."

The blood came back to Orsino's face. It seemed to him that he had reached the crisis of his life and his instinct was to struggle hard against his fate. With a quick movement he caught her in his arms, lifting her from her feet and pressing her close to him.

"You shall not go!"

He kissed her passionately again and again, while she fought to be free, straining at his arms with her small white hands and trying to turn her face from him.

"Why do you struggle? It is of no use." He spoke in very soft deep tones, close to her ear.

She shook her head desperately and still did her best to slip from him, though she might as well have tried to break iron clamps with her fingers.

"It is of no use," he repeated, pressing her still more closely to him.

"Let me go!" she cried, making a violent effort, as furious as the last.

"No!"

Then she was quite still, realising that she had no chance with him.

"Is it manly to be brutal because you are strong?" she asked. "You hurt me."

Orsino's arms relaxed, and he let her go. She drew a long breath and moved a step backward and towards the door.

"Good-bye," she said again. But this time she did not hold out her hand, though she looked long and fixedly into his face.

Orsino made a movement as though he would have caught her again. She started and put out her hand behind her towards the latch. But he did not touch her. She softly opened the door, looked at him once more and went out.

When he realised that she was gone he sprang after her, calling her by name. "Consuelo!"

There were a few people walking in the broad passage. They stared at Orsino, but he did not heed them as he passed by. Maria Consuelo was not

there, and he understood in a moment that it would be useless to seek her further. He stood still a moment, entered the reading-room again, got his hat and left the hotel without looking behind him.

All sorts of wild ideas and schemes flashed through his brain, each more absurd and impracticable than the last. He thought of going back and finding Maria Consuelo's maid; he might bribe her to prevent her mistress's departure. He thought of offering the driver of the train an enormous sum to do some injury to his engine before reaching the first station out of Rome. He thought of stopping Maria Consuelo's carriage on her way to the train and taking her by main force to his father's house. If she were compromised in such a way, she would be almost obliged to marry him. He afterwards wondered at the stupidity of his own inventions on that evening, but at the time nothing looked impossible.

He bethought him of Spicca. Perhaps the old man possessed some power over his daughter after all, and could prevent her flight if he chose. There were yet nearly two hours left before the train started. If worst came to worst, Orsino could still get to the station at the last minute and leave Rome with her.

He took a passing cab and drove to Spicca's lodgings. The count was at home, writing a letter by the light of a small lamp. He looked up in surprise as Orsino entered, then rose and offered him a chair.

"What has happened, my friend?" he asked, glancing curiously at the young man's face.

"Everything," answered Orsino. "I love Madame d'Aranjuez, she loves me, she absolutely refuses to marry me, and she is going to Paris at a quarter to ten. I know she is your daughter, and I want you to prevent her from leaving. That is all, I believe."

Spicca's cadaverous face did not change, but the hollow eyes grew

bright and fixed their glance on an imaginary point at an immense distance, and the thin hand that lay on the edge of the table closed slowly upon the projecting wood. For a few moments he said nothing, but when he spoke he seemed quite calm.

"If she has told you that she is my daughter," he said, "I presume that she has told you the rest. Is that true?"

Orsino was impatient for Spicca to take some immediate action, but he understood that the count had a right to ask the question.

"She has told me that she does not know her mother's name, and that you killed her husband."

"Both these statements are perfectly true at all events. Is that all you know?"

"All? Yes—all of importance. But there is no time to be lost. No one but you can prevent her from leaving Rome to-night. You must help me quickly."

Spicca looked gravely at Orsino and shook his head. The light that had shone in his eyes for a moment was gone, and he was again his habitual, melancholy, indifferent self.

"I cannot stop her," he said, almost listlessly.

"But you can, you will, you must!" cried Orsino, laying a hand on the old man's thin arm. "She must not go——"

"Better that she should, after all. Of what use is it for her to stay? She is quite right. You cannot marry her."

"Cannot marry her? Why not? It is not long since you told me very plainly that you wished I would marry her. You have changed your mind very suddenly, it seems to me, and I would like to know why. Do you remember all you said to me?"

"Yes, and I was in earnest, as I am now. But I was wrong in telling you what I thought at the time."

"At the time! How can matters have changed so suddenly?"

"I do not say that matters have

changed. I have. That is the important thing. I remember the occasion of our conversation very well. Madame d'Aranjuez had been rather abrupt with me, and you and I went away together. I forgave her easily enough, for I saw that she was unhappy; then I thought how different her life might be if she were married to you. I also wished to convey to you a warning, and it did not strike me that you would ever seriously contemplate such a marriage."

"I think you are in a certain way responsible for the present situation," answered Orsino. "That is the reason why I come to you for help."

Spicca turned upon the young man rather suddenly. "There you go too far," he said. "Do you mean to tell me that you have asked that lady to marry you because I suggested it?"

"No, but——"

"Then I am not responsible at all. Besides, you might have consulted me again, if you had chosen. I have not been out of town. I sincerely wish that it were possible—yes, that is quite another matter. But it is not. If Madame d'Aranjuez thinks it is not, from her point of view there are a thousand reasons why I should consider it far more completely out of the question. As for preventing her from leaving Rome, I could not do that even were I willing to try."

"Then I will go with her," said Orsino angrily.

Spicca looked at him in silence for a few moments. Orsino rose to his feet and prepared to go.

"You leave me no choice," he said, as though Spicca had protested.

"Because I cannot and will not stop her? Is that any reason why you should compromise her reputation as you propose to do?"

"It is the best of reasons. She will marry me then, out of necessity."

Spicca rose also, with more alacrity than generally characterised his movements. He stood before the empty fireplace, watching the young man narrowly.

"It is not a good reason," he said, presently, in quiet tones. "You are not the man to do that sort of thing. You are too honourable."

"I do not see anything dishonourable in following the woman I love."

"That depends on the way in which you follow her. If you go quietly home to-night and write to your father that you have decided to go to Paris for a few days and will leave to-morrow, if you make your arrangements like a sensible being and go away like a sane man, I have nothing to say in the matter——"

"I presume not——" interrupted Orsino, frowning at the old man somewhat fiercely.

"Very well. We will not quarrel yet. We will reserve that pleasure for the moment when you cease to understand me. That way of following her would be bad enough, but no one would have any right to stop you."

"No one has any right to stop me, as it is."

"I beg your pardon. The present circumstances are different. In the first instance the world would say that you were in love with Madame d'Aranjuez and were pursuing her to press your suit, of whatever nature that might be. In the second case the world will assert that you and she, not meaning to be married, have adopted the simple plan of going away together. That implies her consent, and you have no right to let any one imply that. I say, it is not honourable to let people think that a lady is risking her reputation for you and perhaps sacrificing it altogether, when she is in reality trying to escape from you. Am I right, or not?"

"You are ingenious, at all events. You talk as though the whole world were to know in half an hour that I have gone to Paris in the same train with Madame d'Aranjuez. That is absurd!"

"Is it? I think not. Half an hour is little, perhaps, but half a day is enough. You are not an insignificant son of an unknown Roman citizen, nor

is Madame d'Aranjuez a person who passes unnoticed. Reporters watch people like you for items of news, and you are perfectly well known by sight. Apart from that, do you think that your servants will not tell your friends' servants of your sudden departure, or that Madame d'Aranjuez's going will not be observed? You ought to know Rome better than that. I ask you again, am I right or wrong?"

"What difference will it make if we are married immediately?"

"She will never marry you. I am convinced of that."

"How can you know? Has she spoken to you about it?"

"I am the last person to whom she would come."

"Her own father——"

"With limitations. Besides, I had the misfortune to deprive her of the chosen companion of her life, and at a critical moment. She has not forgotten that."

"No, she has not," answered Orsino gloomily. The memory of Aranjuez was a sore point. "Why did you kill him?" he asked suddenly.

"Because he was an adventurer, a liar, and a thief; three excellent reasons for killing any man, if one can. Moreover, he struck her once,—with that silver paper cutter which she insists on using—and I saw it from a distance. Then I killed him. Unluckily I was very angry and made a little mistake, so that he lived twelve hours, and she had time to get a priest and marry him. She always pretends that he struck her in play, by accident, as he was showing her something about fencing. I was in the next room and the door was open; it did not look like play. And she still thinks that he was the paragon of all virtues. He was a handsome devil, something like you, but shorter, with a bad eye. I am glad I killed him."

Spicca had looked steadily at Orsino while speaking. When he ceased, he began to walk about the small room with something of his old energy. Orsino roused himself. He had almost

begun to forget his own position in the interest of listening to the count's short story.

"So much for Aranjuez," said Spicca. "Let us hear no more of him. As for this mad plan of yours, you are convinced, I suppose, and you will give it up. Go home, and decide in the morning. For my part, I tell you it is useless. She will not marry you. Therefore leave her alone and do nothing which can injure her."

"I am not convinced," answered Orsino doggedly.

"Then you are not your father's son. No Saracinesca that I ever knew would do what you mean to do,—would wantonly tarnish the good name of a woman; of a woman who loves him too, and whose only fault is that she cannot marry him."

"That she will not."

"That she cannot."

"Do you give me your word that she cannot?"

"She is legally free to marry whom she pleases, with or without my consent."

"That is all I want to know. The rest is nothing to me——"

"The rest is a great deal. I beg you to consider all I have said, and I am sure that you will,—quite sure. There are very good reasons for not telling you or any one else all the details I know in this story, so good that I would rather go to the length of a quarrel with you than give them all. I am an old man, Orsino, and what is left of life does not mean much to me. I will sacrifice it to prevent your opening this door unless you tell me that you give up the idea of leaving Rome to-night."

As he spoke he placed himself before the closed door and faced the young man. He was old, emaciated, physically broken down, and his hands were empty. Orsino was in his first youth, tall, lean, active, and very strong, and no coward. He was moreover in an ugly humour and inclined to be violent on much smaller provocation than he had received. But Spicca imposed upon

him, nevertheless, for he saw that he was in earnest. Orsino was never afterwards able to recall exactly what passed through his mind at that moment. He was physically able to thrust Spicca aside and to open the door, without so much as hurting him. He did not believe that, even in that case, the old man would have insisted upon the satisfaction of arms, nor would he have been afraid to meet him if a duel had been required. He knew that what withheld him from an act of violence was neither fear nor respect for his adversary's weakness and age. Yet he was quite unable to define the influence which at last broke down his resolution. It was in all probability only the result of the argument Spicca had brought to bear and which Maria Consuelo had herself used in the first instance, and of Spicca's calm undaunted personality.

The crisis did not last long. The two men faced each other for ten seconds and then Orsino turned away with an impatient movement of the shoulders. "Very well," he said. "I will not go with her."

"It is best so," answered Spicca, leaving the door and returning to his seat.

"I suppose that she will let you know where she is, will she not?" asked Orsino.

"Yes. She will write to me."

"Good-night, then."

"Good-night."

Without shaking hands, and almost without a glance at the old man, Orsino left the room.

#### CHAPTER XXIV.

ORSINO walked slowly homeward, trying to collect his thoughts and to reach some distinct determination with regard to the future. He was oppressed by the sense of failure and disappointment and felt inclined to despise himself for his weakness in yielding so easily. To all intents and purposes he had lost Maria Consuelo, and if he had not lost her through his

own fault, he had at least tamely abandoned what had seemed like a last chance of winning her back. As he thought of all that had happened he tried to fix some point in the past, at which he might have acted differently, and from which another set of consequences might have begun. But that was not easy. Events had followed each other with a certain inevitable logic, which only looked unreasonable because he suspected the existence of facts beyond his certain knowledge. His great mistake had been in going to Spicca; but nothing could have been more natural, in the circumstances, than his appeal to Maria Consuelo's father, nothing more unexpected than the latter's determined refusal to help him. That there was weight in the argument used by both Spicca and Maria Consuelo herself, he could not deny; but he failed to see why the marriage was so utterly impossible as they both declared it to be. There must be much more behind the visible circumstances than he could guess.

He tried to comfort himself with the assurance that he could leave Rome on the following day, and that Spicca would not refuse to give him Maria Consuelo's address in Paris. But the consolation he derived from the idea was small. He found himself wondering at the recklessness shown by the woman he loved in escaping from him. His practical Italian mind could hardly understand how she could have changed all her plans in a moment, abandoning her half furnished apartment without a word of notice even to the workmen, throwing over her intention of spending the winter in Rome as though she had not already spent many thousands in preparing her dwelling, and going away, probably without so much as leaving a representative to wind up her accounts. It may seem strange that a man as much in love as Orsino was should think of such details at such a moment. Perhaps he looked upon them rather as proofs that she meant to come back after all;

in any case he thought of them seriously, and even calculated roughly the sum she would be sacrificing if she stayed away. Beyond all he felt the dismal loneliness which a man can only feel when he is suddenly and effectually parted from the woman he dearly loves, and which is not like any other sensation of which the human heart is capable. More than once, up to the last possible moment, he was tempted to drive to the station and leave with Maria Consuelo after all; but he would not break the promise he had given Spicca, no matter how weak he had been in giving it.

On reaching his home he was informed, to his great surprise, that San Giacinto was waiting to see him. He could not remember that his cousin had ever before honoured him with a visit and he wondered what could have brought him now and induced him to wait, just at the hour when most people were at dinner.

The giant was reading the evening paper, with the help of a particularly strong cigar. "I am glad you have come home," he said, rising and taking the young man's outstretched hand. "I should have waited until you did."

"Has anything happened?" asked Orsino nervously. It struck him that San Giacinto might be the bearer of some bad news about his people, and the grave expression on the strongly-marked face helped the idea.

"A great deal is happening. The crash has begun. You must get out of your business in less than three days, if you can."

Orsino drew a breath of relief at first, and then grew grave in his turn, realising that unless matters were very serious such a man as San Giacinto would not put himself to the inconvenience of coming. San Giacinto was little given to offering advice unasked, still less to interfering in the affairs of others.

"I understand," said Orsino. "You think that everything is going to pieces. I see."

The big man looked at his young

cousin with something like pity. "If I only suspected, or thought—as you put it—that there was to be a collapse of business, I should not have taken the trouble to warn you. The crash has actually begun. If you can save yourself do so at once."

"I think I can," answered the young man bravely. But he did not at all see how his salvation was to be accomplished. "Can you tell me a little more definitely what is the matter? Have there been any more failures to-day?"

"My brother-in-law Montevarchi is on the point of stopping payment," said San Giacinto calmly.

"Montevarchi!" Orsino did not conceal his astonishment.

"Yes. Do not speak of it. And he is in precisely the same position, so far as I can judge of your affairs, as you yourself, though of course he has dealt with sums ten times as great. He will make enormous sacrifices and will pay, I suppose, after all. But he will be quite ruined. He also has worked with Del Ferice's bank."

And the bank refuses to discount any more of his paper?"

"Precisely. Since this afternoon."

"Then it will refuse to discount mine to-morrow."

"Have you acceptances due to-morrow?"

"Yes—not much, but enough to make the trouble. It will be Saturday, too, and we must have money for the workmen."

"Have you not even enough in reserve for that?"

"Perhaps. I cannot tell. Besides if the bank refuses to renew I cannot draw a cheque."

"I am sorry for you. If I had known yesterday how near the end was, I would have warned you."

"Thanks. I am grateful as it is. Can you give me any advice?"

Orsino had a vague idea that his rich cousin would generously propose to help him out of his difficulties. He was not quite sure whether he could bring himself to accept such

assistance, but he more than half expected that it would be offered. In this, however he was completely mistaken. San Giacinto had not the smallest intention of offering anything more substantial than his opinion. Considering that his wife's brother's liabilities amounted to something like five and twenty millions, this was not surprising. The giant bit his cigar and folded his long arms over his enormous chest, leaning back in the easy chair which creaked under his weight.

"You have tried yourself in business by this time, Orsino," he said, "and you know as well as I what there is to be done. You have three modes of action open to you. You can fail. It is a simple affair enough. The bank will take your buildings for what they will be worth a few months hence, on the day of liquidation. There will be a big deficit, which your father will pay for you and deduct from your share of the division at his death. That is one plan, and seems to me the best. It is perfectly honourable, and you lose by it. Secondly, you can go to your father to-morrow and ask him to lend you money to meet your acceptances and to continue the work until the houses are finished and can be sold. They will ultimately go for a quarter of their value, if you can sell them at all within the year, and you will be in your father's debt, exactly as in the other case. You would avoid the publicity of a failure, but it would cost you more, because the houses will not be worth much more when they are finished than they are now."

"And the third plan—what is it?" inquired Orsino.

"The third way is this. You can go to Del Ferice, and if you are a diplomatist you may persuade him that it is in his interest not to let you fail. I do not think you will succeed, but you can try. If he agrees it will be because he counts on your father to pay in the end; but it is questionable whether Del Ferice's bank can afford

to let out any more cash at the present moment. Money is going to be very tight, as they say."

Orsino smoked in silence, pondering over the situation. San Giacinto rose. "You are warned, at all events," he said. "You will find a great change for the worse in the general aspect of things to-morrow."

"I am much obliged for the warning," answered Orsino. "I suppose I can always find you if I need your advice—and you will advise me?"

"You are welcome to my advice, such as it is, my dear boy. But as for me, I am going towards Naples to-night on business, and I may not be back again for a day or two. If you get into serious trouble before I am here again, you should go to your father at once. He knows nothing of business, and has been sensible enough to keep out of it. The consequence is that he is as rich as ever, and he would sacrifice a great deal rather than see your name dragged into the publicity of a failure. Good-night, and good luck to you."

Thereupon the Titan shook Orsino's hand in his mighty grip and went away. As a matter of fact he was going down to look over one of Montevarchi's biggest estates with a view to buying it in the coming cataclysm, but it would not have been like him to communicate the smallest of his intentions to Orsino, or to any one, not excepting his wife and his lawyer.

Orsino was left to his own devices and meditations. A servant came in and inquired whether he wished to dine at home, and he ordered strong coffee by way of a meal. He was at the age when a man expects to find a way out of his difficulties in an artificial excitement of the nerves.

Indeed, he had enough to disturb him, for it seemed as though all possible misfortunes had fallen upon him at once. He had suffered on the same day the greatest shock to his heart, and the greatest blow to his vanity which he could conceive possible. Maria Consuelo was gone and the

failure of his business was apparently inevitable. When he tried to review the three plans which San Giacinto had suggested, he found himself suddenly thinking of the woman he loved and making schemes for following her; but so soon as he had transported himself in imagination to her side and was beginning to hope that he might win her back, he was torn away and plunged again into the whirlpool of business at home, struggling with unheard of difficulties and sinking deeper at every stroke.

A hundred times he rose from his chair and paced the floor impatiently, and a hundred times he threw himself down again, overcome by the hopelessness of the situation. Occasionally he found a little comfort in the reflection that the night could not last for ever. When the day came he would be driven to act, in one way or another, and he would be obliged to consult his partner Contini. Then at last his mind would be able to follow one connected train of thought for a time, and he would get rest of some kind.

Little by little, however, and long before the day dawned, the dominating influence asserted itself above the secondary one, and he was thinking only of Maria Consuelo. Throughout all that night she was travelling, as she would perhaps travel throughout all the next day and the second night succeeding that. For she was strong, and having once determined upon the journey would very probably go to the end of it without stopping to rest. He wondered whether she, too, were waking through all those long hours, thinking of what she had left behind, or whether she had closed her eyes and found the peace of sleep for which he longed in vain. He thought of her face, softly lighted by the dim lamp of the railway carriage, and fancied he could actually see it with the delicate shadows, the subdued richness of colour, the settled look of sadness. When the picture grew dim, he recalled it by a strong effort, though he knew that each time it rose

before his eyes he must feel the same sharp thrust of pain, followed by the same dull wave of hopeless misery which had ebbed and flowed again so many times since he had parted from her.

At last he roused himself, looked about him as though he were in a strange place, lighted a candle and betook himself to his own quarters. It was very late, and he was more tired than he knew, for in spite of all his troubles he fell asleep and did not awake till the sun was streaming into the room.

Some one knocked at the door, and a servant announced that Signor Contini was waiting to see Don Orsino. The man's face expressed a sort of servile surprise when he saw that Orsino had not undressed for the night and had been sleeping on the divan. He began to busy himself with the toilet things as though expecting Orsino to take some thought for his appearance. But the latter was anxious to see Contini at once, and sent for him.

The architect was evidently very much disturbed. He was as pale as though he had just recovered from a long illness and he seemed to have grown suddenly emaciated during the night. He spoke in a low, excited tone, and in substance he told Orsino what San Giacinto had said on the previous evening. Things looked very black indeed, and Del Ferice's bank had refused to discount any more of Prince Montevarchi's paper. "And we must have money to-day," Contini concluded.

When he had finished speaking his excitement disappeared and he relapsed into the utmost dejection. Orsino remained silent for some time and then lit a cigarette.

"You need not be so down-hearted, Contini," he said at last. "I shall not have any difficulty in getting money—you know that. What I feel most is the moral failure."

"What is the moral failure to me?" asked Contini gloomily. "It is all

very well to talk of getting money. The bank will shut its tills like a steel trap, and to-day is Saturday, and there are the workmen and others to be paid, and several bills due into the bargain. Of course your family can give you millions, in time. But we need cash to-day. That is the trouble."

"I suppose the state telegraph is not destroyed because Prince Montevarchi cannot meet his acceptances," observed Orsino. "And I imagine that our steward here in the house has enough cash for our needs, and will not hesitate to hand it to me if he receives a telegram from my father ordering him to do so. Whether he has enough to take up the bills or not, I do not know; but as to-day is Saturday we have all to-morrow to make arrangements. I could even go out to Saracinesca and be back on Monday morning when the bank opens."

"You seem to take a hopeful view."

"I have not the least hope of saving the business. But the question of ready money does not of itself disturb me."

This was undoubtedly true, but it was also undeniable that Orsino now looked upon the prospect of failure with more equanimity than on the previous evening. On the other hand he felt even more keenly than before all the pain of his sudden separation from Maria Consuelo. When a man is assailed by several misfortunes at once, twenty-four hours are generally enough to sift the small from the great and to show him plainly which is the greatest of all.

"What shall we do this morning?" inquired Contini.

"You ask the question as though you were going to propose a picnic," answered Orsino. "I do not see why this morning need be so different from other mornings."

"We must stop the works instantly——"

"Why? At all events we will change nothing until we find out the

real state of business. The first thing to be done is to go to the bank as usual on Saturdays. We shall then know exactly what to do."

Contini shook his head gloomily and went away to wait in another room while Orsino dressed. An hour later they were at the bank. Contini grew paler than ever. The head clerk would of course inform them that no more bills would be discounted, and that they must meet those already out when they fell due. He would also tell them that the credit balance of their account current would not be at their disposal until their acceptances were met. Orsino would probably at last believe that the situation was serious, though he now looked so supremely and scornfully indifferent to events.

They waited some time. Several men were engaged in earnest conversation, and their faces told plainly enough that they were in trouble. The head clerk was standing with them, and made a sign to Orsino, signifying that they would soon go. Orsino watched him. From time to time he shook his head and made gestures which indicated his utter inability to do anything for them. Contini's courage sank lower and lower.

"I will ask for Del Ferice at once," said Orsino.

He accordingly sought out one of the men who wore the bank's livery and told him to take his card to the count.

"The Signor Commendatore is not coming this morning," answered the man mysteriously.

Orsino went back to the head clerk, interrupting his conversation with the others. He inquired if it were true that Del Ferice were not coming.

"It is not probable," answered the clerk with a grave face. "They say that the Signora Contessa is not likely to live through the day."

"Is Donna Tullia ill?" asked Orsino in considerable astonishment.

"She returned from Naples yesterday morning, and was taken ill in the

afternoon—it is said to be apoplexy,” he added in a low voice. “If you will have patience Signor Principe, I will be at your disposal in five minutes.”

Orsino was obliged to be satisfied and sat down again by Contini. He told him the news of Del Ferice’s wife.

“That will make matters worse,” said Contini.

“It will not improve them,” answered Orsino indifferently. “Considering the state of affairs I would like to see Del Ferice before speaking with any of the others.”

“Those men are all involved with Prince Montevarchi,” observed Contini, watching the group, of which the head clerk was the central figure. “You can see by their faces what they think of the business. The short, grey-haired man is the steward, the big man is the architect, the others are contractors. They say it is not less than thirty millions.”

Orsino said nothing. He was thinking of Maria Consuelo and wishing that he could get away from Rome that night, while admitting that there was no possibility of such a thing. Meanwhile the head clerk’s gestures to his interlocutors expressed more and more helplessness. At last they went out in a body.

“And now I am at your service, Signor Principe,” said the grave man of business coming up to Orsino and Contini. “The usual accommodation, I suppose? We will just look over the bills and make out the new ones. It will not take ten minutes. The usual cash, I suppose, Signor Principe? Yes, to-day is Saturday and you have your men to pay. Quite as usual, quite as usual. Will you come into my office?”

Orsino looked at Contini, and Contini looked at Orsino, grasping the back of a chair to steady himself.

“Then there is no difficulty about discounting?” stammered Contini, turning his face, now suddenly flushed, towards the clerk.

“None whatever,” answered the latter with an air of real or affected

surprise. “I have received the usual instructions to let Andrea Contini and Company have all the money they need.”

He turned and led the way to his private office. Contini walked unsteadily. Orsino showed no astonishment, but his black eyes grew a little brighter than usual as he anticipated his next interview with San Giacinto. He readily attributed his good fortune to the supposed well-known prosperity of the firm, and he rose in his own estimation. He quite forgot that Contini, who had now lost his head, had but yesterday clearly foreseen the future when he had said that Del Ferice would not let the two partners fail until they had fitted the last door and the last window in the last of their houses. The conclusion had struck him as just at the time. Contini was the first to recall it.

“It will turn out as I said,” he began, when they were driving to their office in a cab after leaving the bank. “He will let us live until we are worth eating.”

“We will arrange matters on a firmer basis before that,” answered Orsino confidently. “Poor old Donna Tullia! Who would have thought that she could die! I will stop and ask for news as we pass.”

He stopped the cab before the gilded gate of the detached house. Glancing up, he saw that the shutters were closed. The porter came to the bars but did not show any intention of opening. “The Signora Contessa is dead,” he said solemnly, in answer to Orsino’s inquiry.

“This morning?”

“Two hours ago.”

Orsino’s face grew grave as he left his card of condolence and turned away. He could hardly have named a person more indifferent to him than poor Donna Tullia, but he could not help feeling an odd regret at the thought that she was gone at last with all her noisy vanity, her restless meddlesomeness, and her perpetual chatter. She had not been old either, though he

called her so, and there had seemed to be still a superabundance of life in her. There had been yet many years of rattling, useless, social life before her. To-morrow she would have taken her last drive through Rome—out through the gate of Saint Lawrence to the Campo Varano, there to wait many seasons perhaps for the pale and half sickly Ugo, of whom every one had said for years that he could not live through another twelve-month with the disease of the heart which threatened him. Of late, people had even begun to joke about Donna Tullia's third husband. Poor Donna Tullia!

Orsino went to his office with Contini and forced himself through the usual round of work. Occasionally he was assailed by a mad desire to leave Rome at once, but he opposed it and would not yield. Though his affairs had gone well beyond his expectation, the present crisis made it impossible to abandon his business, unless he could get rid of it altogether. And this he seriously contemplated. He knew, however, or thought he knew, that Contini would be ruined without him. His own name was the one which gave the paper its value and decided Del Ferice to continue the advances of money. The time was past when Contini would gladly have accepted his partner's share of the undertaking, and would even have tried to raise funds to purchase it. To retire now would be possible only if he could provide for the final liquidation of the whole, and this he could only do by applying to his father or mother, in other words, by acknowledging himself completely beaten in his struggle for independence.

The day ended at last, and was succeeded by the idleness of Sunday. A sort of listless indifference came over Orsino, the reaction, no doubt, after all the excitement through which he had passed. It seemed to him that Maria Consuelo had never loved him, and that it was better after all that she should be gone. He longed for the old days, indeed, but as she now

appeared to him in his meditations he did not wish her back. He had no desire to renew the uncertain struggle for a love which she denied in the end; and this mood showed, no doubt, that his own passion was less violent than he had himself believed. When a man loves with his whole nature, undividedly, he is not apt to submit to separations without making a strong effort to reunite himself, by force, persuasion or stratagem, with the woman who is trying to escape from him. Orsino was conscious of having at first felt the inclination to make such an attempt even more strongly than he had shown it, but he was conscious also that the interval of two days had been enough to reduce the wish to follow Maria Consuelo in such a way that he could hardly understand having ever entertained it.

Unsatisfied passion wears itself out very soon. The higher part of love may and often does survive in such cases, and the passionate impulses may surge up after long quiescence as fierce and dangerous as ever. But it is rarely indeed that two unsatisfied lovers who have parted by the will of the one or of both can meet again without the consciousness that the experimental separation has chilled feelings once familiar and destroyed illusions once more than dear. In olden times, perhaps, men and women loved differently. There was more solitude in those days than now, for what is called society was not invented, and people generally were more inclined to sadness from living much alone. Melancholy is a great strengthener of faithfulness in love. Moreover at that time the modern fight for life had not begun; men as a rule had few interests besides love and war, and women no interests at all beyond love. We moderns should go mad if we were suddenly forced to lead the lives led by knights and ladies in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. The monotonous round of such an existence in time of peace would make idiots of us; the horrors of that old warfare would make many of

us maniacs. But it is possible that youths and maidens would love more faithfully and wait longer for each other than they will or can to-day. It is questionable whether Bayard would have understood a single page of a modern love story: Tancred would certainly not have done so; but Caesar would have comprehended our lives and our interests without effort, and Catullus could have described us as we are, for one great civilisation is very like another where the same races are concerned.

In the days which followed Maria Consuelo's departure, Orsino came to a state of indifference which surprised himself. He remembered that when she had gone away in the spring he had scarcely missed her, and that he had not thought his own coldness strange, since he was sure that he had not loved her then. But that he had loved her now, during her last stay in Rome, he was sure, and he would have despised himself if he had not been able to believe that he loved her still. Yet, if he was not glad that she had quitted him, he was at least strangely satisfied at being left alone, and the old fancy for analysis made him try to understand himself. The attempt was fruitless, of course, but it occupied his thoughts.

He met Spicca in the street, and avoided him. He imagined that the old man must despise him for not having resisted and followed Maria Consuelo after all. The hypothesis was absurd and the conclusion vain, but he could not escape the idea, and it annoyed him. He was probably ashamed of not having acted recklessly, as a man should who is dominated by a master passion, and yet he was inwardly glad that he had not been allowed to yield to the first impulse.

The days succeeded each other and a week passed away, bringing Saturday again and the necessity for a visit to the bank. Business had been in a very bad state since it had been known that Montevarchi was ruined. So far, he had not stopped payment, and although

the bank refused discount, he had managed to find money with which to meet his engagements. Probably, as San Giacinto had foretold, he would pay everything and remain a very poor man indeed. But, although many persons knew this, confidence was not restored. Del Ferice declared that he believed Montevarchi solvent, as he believed every one with whom his bank dealt to be solvent to the uttermost centime, but that he could lend no more money to any one on any condition whatsoever, because neither he nor the bank had any to lend. Every one, he said, had behaved honestly, and he proposed to eclipse the honesty of every one by the frank acknowledgement of his own lack of cash. He was distressed, he said, overcome by the sufferings of his friends and clients, ready to sell his house, his jewellery and his very boots, in the Roman phrase, to accommodate every one; but he was conscious that the demand far exceeded any supply which he could furnish, no matter at what personal sacrifice, and as it was therefore impossible to help everybody, it would be unjust to help a few where all were equally deserving.

In the meanwhile he proved the will of his deceased wife, leaving him about four and a half millions of francs unconditionally, and half a million more to be devoted to some public charity at Ugo's discretion, for the repose of Donna Tullia's unquiet spirit. It is needless to say that the sorrowing husband determined to spend the legacy magnificently in the improvement of the town represented by him in parliament. A part of the improvement would consist in a statue of Del Ferice himself, — representing him, perhaps, as he had escaped from Rome, in the garb of a Capuchin friar, but with the addition of an army revolver to show that he had fought for Italian unity, though when or where no man could tell. But it is worth noting that while he protested his total inability to discount any one's bills, Andrea Contini and Company regularly renewed their acceptances when due and signed new

ones for any amount of cash they required. The accommodation was accompanied with a request that it should not be mentioned. Orsino took the money indifferently enough, conscious that he had three fortunes at his back in case of trouble; but Contini grew more nervous as time went on and the sums on paper increased in magnitude, while the chances of disposing of the buildings seemed reduced to nothing in the stagnation which had already set in.

## CHAPTER XXV.

At this time Count Spicca received a letter from Maria Consuelo, written from Nice, and bearing a postmark more recent than the date which headed the page, a fact which proved that the writer had either taken an unusually long time in the composition or had withheld the missive several days before finally despatching it.

MY FATHER—I write to inform you of certain things which have recently taken place and which it is important that you should know, and of which I should have the right to require an explanation if I chose to ask it. Having been the author of my life, you have made yourself also the author of all my unhappiness and of all my trouble. I have never understood the cause of your intense hatred for me, but I have felt its consequences, even at a great distance from you, and you know well enough that I return it with all my heart. Moreover, I have made up my mind that I will not be made to suffer by you any longer. I tell you so quite frankly. This is a declaration of war, and I will act upon it immediately.

You are no doubt aware that Don Orsino Saracinesca has for a long time been among my intimate friends. I will not discuss the question, whether I did well to admit him to my intimacy or not. That, at least, does not concern you. Even admitting your power to exercise the most complete tyranny over me in other ways, I am and have always been free to choose my own acquaintances, and I am able to defend myself better than most women, and as well as any. I will be just, too. I do not mean to reproach you with the consequences of what I do. But I will not

spare you where the results of your action towards me are concerned.

Don Orsino made love to me last spring. I loved him from the first. I can hear your cruel laugh, and see your contemptuous face as I write. But the information is necessary, and I can bear your scorn because this is the last opportunity for such diversion which I shall afford you, and because I mean that you shall pay dearly for it. I loved Don Orsino, and I love him still. You, of course, have never loved. You have hated, however, and perhaps one passion may be the measure of another. It is in my case, I can assure you, for the better I love, the better I learn to hate you.

Last Thursday Don Orsino asked me to be his wife. I had known for some time that he loved me, and I knew that he would speak of it before long. The day was sultry at first and then there was a thunderstorm. My nerves were unstrung and I lost my head. I told him that I loved him. That does not concern you. I told him, also, however, that I had given a solemn promise to my dying husband, and I had still the strength to say that I would not marry again. I meant to gain time, I longed to be alone, I knew that I should yield, but I would not yield blindly. Thank God, I was strong. I am like you in that, though happily not in any other way. You ask me why I should even think of yielding. I answer that I love Don Orsino better than I loved the man you murdered. There is nothing humiliating in that, and I make the confession without reserve. I love him better, and therefore, being human, I would have broken my promise and married him, had marriage been possible. But it is not, as you know. It is one thing to turn to the priest as he stands by a dying man and to say, "Pronounce us man and wife, and give us a blessing, for the sake of this man's rest." The priest knew that we were both free, and took the responsibility upon himself, knowing also that the act could have no consequences in fact, whatever it might prove to be in theory. It is quite another matter to be legally married to Don Orsino Saracinesca, in the face of a strong opposition. But I went home that evening, believing that it could be done and that the opposition would vanish. I believed because I loved. I love still, but what I learned that night has killed my belief in an impossible happiness.

I need not tell you all that passed between me and Lucrezia Ferris. How she knew of what had happened I cannot tell. She must have followed us to the

apartment I was furnishing, and she must have overheard what we said, or seen enough to convince her. She is a spy. I suppose that is the reason why she is imposed upon me, and always has been, since I can remember—since I was born, she says. I found her waiting to dress me as usual, and as usual I did not speak to her. She spoke first. "You will not marry Don Orsino Saracinesca," she said, facing me with her bad eyes. I could have struck her, but I would not. I asked her what she meant. She told me that she knew what I was doing, and asked me whether I was aware that I needed documents in order to be married to a beggar in Rome, and whether I supposed that the Saracinesca would be inclined to overlook the absence of such papers, or could pass a law of their own abolishing the necessity for them, or, finally, whether they would accept such certificates of my origin as she could produce. She showed me a package. She had nothing better to offer me, she said, but such as she had, she heartily placed at my disposal. I took the papers. I was prepared for a shock, but not for the blow I received.

You know what I read. The certificate of my birth as the daughter of Lucrezia Ferris, unmarried, by Count Spicca who acknowledged the child as his: the certificate of your marriage with Lucrezia Ferris, dated strangely enough a fortnight after my birth; and further a document legitimising me as the lawful daughter of you two. All these documents are from Monte Carlo. You will understand why I am in Nice. Yes—they are all genuine, every one of them, as I have had no difficulty in ascertaining. So I am the daughter of Lucrezia Ferris, born out of wedlock and subsequently whitewashed into a sort of legitimacy. And Lucrezia Ferris is lawfully the Countess Spicca. Lucrezia Ferris, the cowardly spy-woman who more than half controls my life, the lying, thieving servant,—she robs me at every turn—the common, half educated Italian creature,—she is my mother, she is that radiant being of whom you sometimes speak with tears in your eyes, she is that angel of whom I remind you, she is that sweet influence that softened and brightened your lonely life for a brief space some three and twenty years ago! She has changed since then.

And this is the mystery of my birth which you have concealed from me, and which it was at any moment in the power of my vile mother to reveal. You cannot deny the fact, I suppose, especially since I have taken the trouble to search the

registers and verify each separate document.

I gave them all back to her, for I shall never need them. The woman,—I mean my mother—was quite right. I shall not marry Don Orsino Saracinesca. You have lied to me throughout my life. You have always told me that my mother was dead, and that I need not be ashamed of my birth, though you wished it kept a secret. So far, I have obeyed you. In that respect, and only in that, I will continue to act according to your wishes. I am not called upon to proclaim to the world and my acquaintance that I am the daughter of my own servant, and that you were kind enough to marry your estimable mistress after my birth in order to confer upon me what you dignify by the name of legitimacy. No. That is not necessary. If it could hurt you to proclaim it I would do so in the most public way I could find. But it is folly to suppose that you could be made to suffer by so simple a process.

Are you aware, my father, that you have ruined all my life from the first? Being so bad, you must be intelligent, and you must realise what you have done, even if you have done it out of pure love of evil. You pretended to be kind to me, until I was old enough to feel all the pain you had in store for me. But even then, after you had taken the trouble to marry my mother, why did you give me another name? Was that necessary? I suppose it was. I did not understand then why my older companions looked askance at me in the convent, nor why the nuns sometimes whispered together and looked at me. They knew perhaps that no such name as mine existed. Since I was your daughter why did I not bear your name when I was a little girl? You were ashamed to let it be known that you were married, seeing what sort of wife you had taken, and you found yourself in a dilemma. If you had acknowledged me as your daughter in Austria, your friends in Rome would soon have found out my existence, and the existence of your wife. You were very cautious in those days, but you seem to have grown careless of late, or you would not have left those papers in the care of the Countess Spicca, my maid—and my mother. I have heard that very bad men soon reach their second childhood and act foolishly. It is quite true.

Then, later, when you saw that I loved, and was loved, and was to be happy, you came between my love and me. You appeared in your own character as a liar, a slanderer and a traitor. I loved a man

who was brave, honourable, faithful ; reckless, perhaps, and wild as such men are, but devoted and true. You came between us. You told me that he was false, cowardly, an adventurer of the worst kind. Because I would not believe you, and would have married him in spite of you, you killed him. Was it cowardly of him to face the first swordsman in Europe ? They told me that he was not afraid of you, the men who saw it, and that he fought you like a lion, as he was. And the provocation, too ! He never struck me. He was showing me what he meant by a term in fencing,—the silver knife he held grazed my cheek because I was startled and moved. But you meant to kill him, and you chose to say that he had struck me. Did you ever hear a harsh word from his lips during those months of waiting ? When you had done your work you fled, like the murderer you were and are. But I escaped from the woman who says she is my mother,—and is—and I went to him and found him living and married him. You used to tell me that he was an adventurer and little better than a beggar. Yet he left me a large fortune. It is as well that he provided for me, since you have succeeded in losing most of your own money at play, doubtless to insure my not profiting by it at your death. Not that you will die—men of your kind outlive their victims, because they kill them.

And now, when you saw,—for you did see it—when you saw and knew that Orsino Saracinesca and I loved each other, you have broken my life a second time. You might so easily have gone to him, or have come to me, at the first, with the truth. You knew that I should never forgive you for what you had done already. A little more could have made matters no worse then. You knew that Don Orsino would have thanked you as a friend for the warning. Instead—I refuse to believe you in your dotage after all—you make that woman spy upon me until the great moment is come, you give her the weapons and you bid her strike when the blow will be most excruciating. You are not a man. You are Satan. I parted twice from the man I love. He would not let me go, and he came back and tried to keep me. I do not know how I escaped. God helped me. He is so brave and noble that if he had held those accursed papers in his hands and known all the truth he would not have given me up. He would have brought a stain on his great name and shame upon his great house for my sake. He is not like you. I parted from him twice ; I know all that I can suffer,

and I hate you for each individual suffering, great and small.

I have dismissed my mother from my service. How that would sound in Rome ! I have given her as much money as she can expect and I have got rid of her. She said that she would not go, that she would write to you, and many other things. I told her that if she attempted to stay I would go to the authorities, prove that she was my mother, provide for her, if the law required it, and have her forcibly turned out of my house by the aid of the same law. I am of age, married, independent, and I cannot be obliged to entertain my mother either in the character of a servant, or as a visitor. I suppose she has a right to a lodging under your roof. I hope she will take advantage of it, as I advised her. She took the money and went away, cursing me. I think that if she had ever, in all my life, shown the smallest affection for me—even at the last, when she declared herself my mother, if she had shown a spark of motherly feeling, of tenderness, of anything human, I could have accepted her and tolerated her, half peasant woman as she is, spy as she has been, and cheat and thief. But she stood before me with the most perfect indifference, watching my surprise with those bad eyes of hers. I wonder why I have borne her presence so long. I suppose it had never struck me that I could get rid of her, in spite of you, if I chose. By the bye, I sent for a notary when I paid her, and I got a legal receipt signed with her legal name, *Lucrezia Spicca, nata Ferris*. The document formally releases me from all further claims. I hope you will understand that you have no power whatsoever to impose her upon me again, though I confess that I am expecting your next move with interest. I suppose that you have not done with me yet, and have some new means of torment in reserve. Satan is rarely idle long.

And now I have done. If you were not the villain you are, I should expect you to go to the man whose happiness I have endangered, if not destroyed. I should expect you to tell Don Orsino Saracinesca enough of the truth to make him understand my action. But I know you far too well to imagine that you would willingly take from my life one thorn of the many you have planted in it. I will write to Don Orsino myself. I think you need not fear him,—I am sorry that you need not. But I shall not tell him more than is necessary. You will remember, I hope, that such discretion as I may show, is not shown out of consideration for you, but out of forethought

for my own welfare. I have unfortunately no means of preventing you from writing to me, but you may be sure that your letters will never be opened, so that you will do as well to spare yourself the trouble of composing them.

MARIA CONSUELO D'ARANJUEZ.

Spicca received this letter early in the morning, and at mid-day he still sat in his chair, holding it in his hand. His face was very white, his head hung forward upon his breast, his thin fingers were stiffened upon the thin paper. Only the hardly perceptible rise and fall of the chest showed that he still breathed.

The clocks had already struck twelve when his old servant entered the room, a being thin, wizened, grey and noiseless as the ghost of a greyhound. He stood still a moment before his master, expecting that he would look up, then bent anxiously over him and felt his hands.

Spicca slowly raised his sunken eyes. "It will pass, Santi—it will pass," he said feebly.

Then he began to fold up the sheets slowly and with difficulty, but very neatly, as men of extraordinary skill with their hands do everything. Santi looked at him doubtfully and then got a glass and a bottle of cordial from a small carved press in the corner. Spicca drank the liqueur slowly and set the glass steadily upon the table.

"Bad news, Signor Conte?" asked the servant anxiously, and in a way which betrayed at once the kindly relations existing between the two.

"Very bad news," Spicca answered sadly and shaking his head.

Santi sighed, restored the cordial to the press and took up the glass, as though he were about to leave the room. But he still lingered near the table, glancing uneasily at his master as though he had something to say, but was hesitating to begin.

"What is it, Santi?" asked the count.

"I beg your pardon, Signor Conte—you have had bad news—if you will

allow me to speak, there are several small economies which could still be managed without too much inconveniencing you. Pardon the liberty, Signor Conte."

"I know, I know. But it is not money this time. I wish it were."

Santi's expression immediately lost much of its anxiety. He had shared his master's fallen fortunes and knew better than he what he meant by a few more small economies, as he called them. "God be praised, Signor Conte!" he said solemnly. "May I serve the breakfast?"

"I have no appetite, Santi. Go and eat, yourself."

"A little something?" Santi spoke in a coaxing way. "I have prepared a little mixed fry, with toast, as you like it, Signor Conte, and the salad is good to-day—ham and figs are also in the house. Let me lay the cloth—when you see, you will eat—and just one egg beaten up with a glass of red wine to begin—that will dispose the stomach."

Spicca shook his head again, but Santi paid no attention to the refusal and went about preparing the meal. When it was ready the old man suffered himself to be persuaded and ate a little. He was in reality stronger than he looked, and an extraordinary nervous energy still lurked beneath the appearance of a feebleness almost amounting to decrepitude. The little nourishment he took sufficed to restore the balance, and when he rose from the table, he was outwardly almost himself again. When a man has suffered great moral pain for years, he bears a new shock, even the worst, better than one who is hard hit in the midst of a placid and long habitual happiness. The soul can be taught to bear trouble as the great self-mortifiers of an earlier time taught their bodies to bear scourging. The process is painful but hardening.

"I feel better, Santi," said Spicca. "Your breakfast has done me good. You are an excellent doctor."

He turned away and took out his

pocket-book, not over well garnished. He found a ten franc note. Then he looked round and spoke in a gentle, kindly tone. "Santi—this trouble has nothing to do with money. You need a new pair of shoes, I am sure. Do you think that ten francs is enough?"

Santi bowed respectfully and took the money. "A thousand thanks, Signor Conte," he said.

Santi was a strange man, from the heart of the Abruzzi. He pocketed the note, but that night, when he had undressed his master and was arranging the things on the dressing-table, the ten francs found their way back into the black pocket-book. Spicca never counted and never knew.

He did not write to Maria Consuelo, for he was well aware that in her present state of mind she would undoubtedly burn his letter unopened, as she had said she would. Late in the day he went out, walked for an hour, entered the club and read the papers, and at last betook himself to the restaurant where Orsino dined when his people were out of town.

In due time, Orsino appeared, looking pale and ill-tempered. He caught sight of Spicca and went at once to the table where he sat.

"I have had a letter," said the young man. "I must speak to you. If you do not object, we will dine together."

"By all means. There is nothing like a thoroughly bad dinner to promote ill-feeling."

Orsino glanced at the old man in momentary surprise. But he knew his ways tolerably well, and was familiar with the chronic acidity of his speech. "You probably guess who has written to me," he resumed. "It was natural, perhaps, that she should have something to say, but what she actually says, is more than I was prepared to hear."

Spicca's eyes grew less dull and he turned an inquiring glance on his companion.

"When I tell you that in this letter, Madame d'Aranjuez has confided

to me the true story of her origin, I have probably said enough," continued the young man.

"You have said too much or too little," Spicca answered in an almost indifferent tone.

"How so?"

"Unless you tell me just what she has told you, or show me the letter, I cannot possibly judge of the truth of the tale."

Orsino raised his head angrily. "Do you mean me to doubt that Madame d'Aranjuez speaks the truth?" he asked.

"Calm yourself. Whatever Madame d'Aranjuez has written to you, she believes to be true. But she may have been herself deceived."

"In spite of documents—public registers—"

"Ah! Then she has told you about those certificates?"

"That—and a great deal more which concerns you."

"Precisely. A great deal more. I know all about the registers, as you may easily suppose, seeing that they concern two somewhat important acts in my own life, and that I was very careful to have those acts properly recorded, beyond the possibility of denial—beyond the possibility of denial," he repeated very slowly and emphatically. "Do you understand that?"

"It would not enter the mind of a sane person to doubt such evidence," answered Orsino rather scornfully.

"No, I suppose not. As you do not therefore come to me for confirmation of what is already undeniable, I cannot understand why you come to me at all in this matter, unless you do so on account of other things which Madame d'Aranjuez has written you, and of which you have so far kept me in ignorance."

Spicca spoke with a formal manner and in cold tones, drawing up his bent figure a little. A waiter came to the table and both men ordered their dinner. The interruption rather favoured the development of a hostile

feeling between them than otherwise.

"I will explain my reasons for coming to find you here," said Orsino when they were again alone.

"So far as I am concerned, no explanation is necessary. I am content not to understand. Moreover, this is a public place, in which we have accidentally met and dined together before."

"I did not come here by accident," answered Orsino. "And I did not come in order to give explanations, but to ask for one."

"Ah?" Spicca eyed him coolly.

"Yes. I wish to know why you have hated your daughter all her life, why you persecute her in every way, why you——"

"Will you kindly stop?"

The old man's voice grew suddenly clear and incisive, and Orsino broke off in the middle of his sentence. A moment's pause followed.

"I requested you to stop speaking," Spicca resumed, "because you were unconsciously making statements which have no foundation whatever in fact. Observe that I say, unconsciously. You are completely mistaken. I do not hate Madame d'Aranjuez. I love her with all my heart and soul. I do not persecute her in every way, nor in any way. On the contrary, her happiness is the only object of such life as I still have to live, and I have little but that life left to give her. I am in earnest, Orsino."

"I see you are. That makes what you say all the more surprising."

"No doubt it does. Madame d'Aranjuez has just written to you, and you have her letter in your pocket. She has told you in that letter a number of facts in her own life, as she sees them, and you look at them as she does. It is natural. To her and to you, I appear to be a monster of evil, a hideous incarnation of cruelty, a devil in short. Did she call me a devil in her letter?"

"She did."

"Precisely. She has also written to me informing me that I am Satan. There is a directness in the statement and a general disregard of probability which is not without charm. Nevertheless, I am Spicca, and not Beelzebub, her assurances to the contrary notwithstanding. You see how views may differ. You know much of her life, but you know nothing of mine, nor is it my intention to tell you anything about myself. But I will tell you this much. If I could do anything to mend matters, I would. If I could make it possible for you to marry Madame d'Aranjuez, being what you are, and fenced in as you are, I would. If I could tell you all the rest of the truth, which she does not know, nor dream of, I would. I am bound by a very solemn promise of secrecy, by something more than a promise in fact. Yet, if I could do good to her by breaking oaths, betraying confidence and trampling on the deepest obligations which can bind a man, I would. But that good cannot be done any more. That is all I can tell you."

"It is little enough. You could, and you can, tell the whole truth, as you call it, to Madame d'Aranjuez. I would advise you to do so, instead of embittering her life at every turn."

"I have not asked for your advice, Orsino. That she is unhappy, I know. That she hates me, is clear. She would not be the happier for hating me less, since nothing else would be changed. She need not think of me if the subject is disagreeable. In all other respects she is perfectly free. She is young, rich, and at liberty to go where she pleases and to do what she likes. So long as I am alive I shall watch over her——"

"And destroy every chance of happiness which presents itself," interrupted Orsino.

"I gave you some idea, the other night, of the happiness she might have enjoyed with the deceased Aranjuez. If I made a mistake in regard to what I saw him do,—I admit the possibility

of an error—I was nevertheless quite right in ridding her of the man. I have atoned for the mistake, if we call it so, in a way which you do not dream, nor she either. The good remains, for Aranjuez is buried."

"You speak of secret atonement; I was not aware that you ever suffered from remorse."

"Nor I," answered Spicca drily.

"Then what do you mean?"

"You are questioning me, and I have warned you that I will tell you nothing about myself. You will confer a great favour upon me by not insisting."

"Are you threatening me again?"

"I am not doing anything of the kind. I never threaten any one. I could kill you as easily as I killed Aranjuez, old and decrepit as I look; and I should be perfectly indifferent to the opprobrium of killing so young a man, though I think that, looking at us two, many people might suppose the advantage to be on your side rather than on mine. But young men nowadays do not learn to handle arms. Short of laying violent hands upon me, you will find it quite impossible to provoke me. I am almost old enough to be your grandfather, and I understand you very well. You love Madame d'Aranjuez. She knows that to marry you would be to bring about such a quarrel with your family as might ruin half your life, and she has

the rare courage to tell you so and to refuse your offer. You think that I can do something to help you and you are incensed because I am powerless, and furious because I objected to your leaving Rome in the same train with her, against her will. You are more furious still to-day because you have adopted her belief that I am a monster of iniquity. Observe that, apart from hindering you from a great piece of folly the other day, I have never interfered. I do not interfere now. As I said then, follow her if you please, persuade her to marry you if you can, quarrel with all your family if you like. It is nothing to me. Publish the banns of your marriage on the doors of the Capitol, and declare to the whole world that Madame d'Aranjuez, the future Princess Saracinesca, is the daughter of Count Spicca and Lucrezia Ferris, his lawful wife. There will be a little talk, but it will not hurt me. People have kept their marriages a secret for a whole lifetime before now. I do not care what you do, nor what the whole tribe of the Saracinesca may do, provided that none of you do harm to Maria Consuelo, nor bring useless suffering upon her. If any of you do that, I will kill you. That at least is a threat, if you like. Good-night."

Thereupon Spicca rose suddenly from his seat, leaving his dinner unfinished, and went out.

*(To be continued.)*

## A FRENCH PROVINCE IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

THE latter part of the seventeenth century is singularly deficient in works which could throw light on the social and intellectual condition of provincial life in France. The splendour of the court of Louis XIV., where all that the kingdom contained of illustrious by birth or talent was assembled, concentrated on itself the attention of the writers of the day, just as the monarch concentrated the powers of the State in his own hands; and the works of that epoch rarely afford us a glimpse of the country or of its inhabitants. A careless allusion in one of Mme. de Sévigné's letters to the citizens hanged at Rennes for not paying their taxes, and a few lines of La Bruyère describing the sufferings of the peasantry, comprise nearly all the information with regard to the state of the provinces to be found in the classical literature of the century of the Grand Monarch. All the more interesting, therefore, is the journal kept by the Abbé Fléchier during the assizes held at Clermont in 1665, in which he has given a lively picture of the manners and customs of the various classes of society in a secluded part of France, where a turbulent aristocracy defied the royal authority and exercised an uncontrolled sway over its vassals.

Fléchier, who later on, when Bishop of Nîmes, acquired a reputation for eloquence inferior only to that of Bossuet, was the son of a tradesman of Pernes in the diocese of Carpentras. At the age of fifteen he joined the order of Les Pères de la Doctrine Chrétienne, of which his uncle was superior, at Tarascon, became professor of literature, and afterwards was sent to teach rhetoric at Narbonne, where he also acquired some reputation by his sermons. After his uncle's death he left the order, and in 1659, being

then twenty-eight, he settled in Paris and applied himself assiduously to literature. Conrart, the secretary of the French Academy, introduced him to M. de Montausier, the husband of Julie d'Angennes, at whose house he met the surviving members of that brilliant society of nobles and men of letters which Mme. de Rambouillet had gathered round her in the earlier part of the century. The young Abbé's wit and eloquence, joined to his talent for Latin versification, a gift then highly appreciated, soon brought him into notice. After a residence of about two years in Paris, he entered the household of Louis Urbain Lefèvre de Caumartin, *maître des requêtes*, as tutor to his son M. de Boissy, and in that capacity accompanied him to Auvergne.

It was the last occasion upon which the assizes called *Les Grands Jours* were held with all the solemn formality, and put forth all the arbitrary powers with which that institution was invested. They consisted of special commissions named by the king, and sent with plenary powers as immediate representatives of the royal authority, to decide without appeal both civil and criminal cases in those provinces where, from one reason or another, the ordinary courts of law were unable to administer justice. In earlier times, while the kings of the third race were engaged in enlarging and consolidating their realm, these assizes recurred much more frequently. They were held regularly twice a year in districts which had been recently annexed to the Crown by the death of one of the great feudatories, or by conquest from the English. They thus helped to extend the royal authority over all France, and as that authority became more firmly established, they were

gradually superseded by the local tribunals. The universal disorganisation and lawlessness, which were the consequence of the English wars of the fifteenth century, and later on of the religious conflicts of the sixteenth, rendered it necessary to hold them in several provinces during the reigns of Francis I. and his successors ; but the stern administration of Richelieu, and his merciless repression of every symptom of insubordination on the part of the aristocracy, caused peace and order to prevail throughout France, and the supremacy of the king was everywhere acknowledged.

During the minority, however, of Louis XIV., a portion of the nobility, led by the Prince de Condé, strove to assert the independence of their order against the increasing absolutism of the State ; and the war of La Fronde may be considered as the last struggle of feudal liberty against personal government. Beaten on the field of battle and gradually excluded from nearly all participation in the administration of affairs, which Louis XIV. preferred to entrust to men of plebeian origin, the aristocracy still retained an almost unlimited power over their vassals. In the more remote parts of France they looked upon themselves as nearly independent of the Crown : they acknowledged no other law than their interests or their caprice ; and their inferiors had no defence against their tyranny and their rapacity. This was more especially the case in the wild and mountainous province of Auvergne, where the nobles, relying on the strength of their castles, defied the local authorities, or secured their complicity through intimidation. The crimes of the aristocracy, the murmurs of the people, and the complaints of the officials, at last constrained the King to adopt severe measures of repression, and by letters patent dated 31st August 1665, a commission of sixteen members of the Parliament of Paris, under the presidency of Henri de Novion, *président à mortier*, with M. de Caumartin, *maître des requêtes*, as keeper of

the seals, and Denis Talon as *procureur du roi*, was ordered to go to Clermont, with full powers to redress the grievances of the peasants, chastise the crimes of the nobles, and take the necessary measures to restore order.

M. de Caumartin was accompanied by his mother, his young wife, and M. de Boissy, his son by a former marriage ; and during the four months the assizes lasted, his house was the centre where his fellow judges, the principal citizens of Clermont, and those nobles who did not think it more prudent to leave the country, met in friendly intercourse under the watchful eyes of the Abbé Fléchier, who has handed down to us in his *Mémoires* a faithful record of their peculiarities and eccentricities. His little work is a masterpiece of graceful and witty narrative, and though probably intended merely for the amusement of his patrons the de Caumartins, and his other Parisian friends, its importance to the historian is very great from the truthfulness with which it depicts a state of society long since vanished. Fléchier shows us a fierce and haughty aristocracy still imbued with the rebellious spirit of the Middle Ages : a prosperous middle class strongly attached to its local customs and privileges ; and a peasantry, in many cases oppressed and ill-treated, in whose minds were already latent those germs of hatred and revolt destined to burst forth with such vehemence at the Revolution. The *Mémoires* are also a remarkable example of the intellectual and social authority which Paris already exercised over the rest of France, even in the days when the provinces still possessed much of their ancient independence. The capital could, even then, absorb into itself and completely transform all who came under its influence ; for we find the Abbé, a native of the south of France, affecting to look down on the provincials as barbarians, ridiculing their manners, and despising their literary efforts as sadly deficient in that supreme finish and perfection which

Paris alone could confer. He was, it is true, entitled to speak on the subject with some authority. It was, just then, an epoch of transition, when the slightly antiquated French of the days of Louis XIII., which to its prevailing tone of courtesy and distinction still added some traces of the rhetorical exaggeration and the taste for antithesis and word-play characteristic of the less cultured but more robust sixteenth century, was about to attain the highest degree of symmetry and elegance. Corneille, Pascal, Boileau, and Molière had already produced their earlier works; and Fléchier, by the dignity and purity of his style, may claim to be reckoned among those who most contributed to refine and polish the French tongue, and confer upon it that perfection of form which has rendered the great writers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries models for whoever wishes to write with clearness and precision.

The Abbé gives us no information with regard to his journey from Paris, but opens his narrative with the arrival of the judges at Riom, where they stopped for a day's rest before making their entry into Clermont. A drive of a few hours separates Riom from Clermont, and as the judges, preceded by the *chevalier du guet* (officer of the watch) and his mounted police dressed in red, approached the town, they were met at intervals along the road by the principal officials of the municipality, by deputations from the neighbouring communities, and by the leading nobles of the province, who greeted them with complimentary speeches, to each of which suitable replies had to be made by the president, M de Novion. More deputations and more speeches from the clergy of the diocese, the religious orders, and the local bar awaited the Royal Commission on its arrival in the town; and the worthy people of Clermont fondly imagined that they had dazzled the Parisians by so much eloquence and erudition. But Fléchier,

who already bore the title of preacher to the court, does not conceal his disdain for these "wearisome displays," in which the *Grands Jours* were compared to the Last Judgment, and quotations from St. Augustine and St. Ambrose proved that those Fathers of the Church had foreseen and prophesied what was about to take place in Auvergne. These tedious formalities, however, were at last brought to an end; the judges were installed in their lodgings; M. Talon hastened to inspect the prisoners and ascertain for what number of criminals there might be room; and in a few days the assizes were opened.

At the request of the *procureur du roi*, the Bishop of Clermont issued a pastoral letter to be read in every parish on three consecutive Sundays, commanding all persons who could give information with regard to any crime, to come forward and denounce the culprits under pain of excommunication. The long list of outrages and abuses contained in this document may be considered as presenting a tolerably faithful picture of the disorder prevailing throughout the country. There had been assassinations and robberies, incendiarisms and acts of violence which had remained unpunished. The levy of taxes had been impeded, the execution of decrees and sentences hindered, and the ministers of justice intimidated. Public functionaries had been guilty of extortion and corruption, and some of the *seigneurs hauts justiciers*, who had power of life and death over their vassals, kept their prisoners in dungeons under ground, while others detained persons illegally in their castles. Others, again, levied tolls without authority, deprived the peasantry of their pasturage and forest rights, ill-treated the officials who received complaints against their exactions, and forced them to surrender the writs they had taken out.

As the public were excluded from the sittings of the court in all criminal cases, Fléchier had leisure to study

and record the features of the unknown world about him, where he evidently looked upon himself as an exile from civilisation. The town of Clermont, with its steep, narrow streets and gloomy houses, did not please him, and he saw nothing remarkable in it except the unusually large number of children in every family. The ladies of Clermont, he ungallantly declared, were ugly; and he gives a very satirical description of their ceremonious visits to the wives of the officials from Paris, in presence of whose superior elegance and manners they felt that their provincial ways seemed old-fashioned, and their rustic wit poor and trivial. They had not even the courage to visit alone, but came in a crowd, hoping thereby to be less remarked and to keep each other in countenance: they entered the apartment awkwardly and stiffly, some holding their arms crossed, others letting them hang down straight; and insignificant details of local gossip formed the only subject of their conversation. At the balls given by M. de Caumartin, where many of the nobles, who had no reason to fear a denunciation, came to pay their respects to the Royal Commissioners, the Abbé did not find that the behaviour of the provincials was much better. He admired, it is true, the gaiety and gracefulness of *la bourrée*, the national dance of Auvergne; but he was much shocked at the disputes which broke out among the ladies, who abused each other freely, and were sometimes on the point of proceeding to actual violence, using their muffs after the fashion of boxing-gloves, or pulling each other's hair.

There were, nevertheless, some ladies at Clermont, who aspired to a more intellectual life, and held advanced ideas with regard to the education of women. The question was evidently much discussed at the time, for the Abbé gives an account of a conversation on the subject at which he assisted, and repeats the indignant protests he heard against the slavery

in which it was the fashion to keep the minds of women, by withholding from them the liberty to study; as if they were not as capable as men of acquiring learning, or as if nature had deprived them of reason and bestowed on them purely exterior charms. Fléchier does not blame or ridicule these aspirations, nor confound them with the affected attempts of certain provincials to imitate the tone of the literary *salons* of Paris. It was at Vichy, where he passed a few days, that he met with specimens of the class which Molière had recently satirised, and who, like his heroines, looked upon Paris as "the grand assemblage of wonders, the centre of good taste, of wit, and of courtesy." The arrival at the little town of a preacher to the court, who had also the reputation of being a wit and a poet, caused great excitement among the visitors to the baths, and two ladies, whom Fléchier calls *des précieuses languissantes*, hastened to pay their respects to him, apparently under the impression that the mere fact of being seen in his society would give them a reputation for learning. They overwhelmed the Abbé with compliments, and expressed their happiness at meeting with a person from the court in that barbarous region; little suspecting what a cruelly satirical sketch the Abbé would present to his Parisian friends of the tall and ungainly form of one of his admirers, and of the multitude of patches which decorated the face of the other, leaving only her eyes and nose visible.

It was not, however, the provincials alone who provoked Fléchier's witticisms; among the little band of Parisians who considered themselves so superior to the people of Clermont, there was no dearth of subjects for his sarcastic pen. One of his most finished portraits is that of Madame Talon, the mother of the *procureur du roi*; a capital type of the serious, hard-working, narrow-minded *bourgeoisie* of Paris. The more aristocratic

De Caumartins looked down on her as much their inferior in rank, and it was probably to excite their laughter that her peculiarities have been so minutely described. Meddlesome and fussy, possessed by a mania for organisation, and firmly convinced of the perfection of Parisian ways, Madame Talon had hardly arrived at Clermont when she undertook to stir up the sleepy country town, and to regulate everything and everybody in it. Taking advantage of the influence she derived from her son's position on the Royal Commission, she began by inspecting the weights and measures of the shopkeepers, and discovered to her great indignation that at Clermont the pound contained only thirteen or fourteen ounces instead of sixteen. The Commissioners, however, found it impossible to change the local customs, and could only issue a decree by which they fixed the prices of all articles during their stay; but Madame Talon, who still mistrusted the honesty of the provincials, obliged her tradesmen to bring their goods to her lodgings and weighed them herself. She next took in hand the reform of the religious orders, lectured the Ursuline nuns for not rising at four o'clock all the year round, criticised the management of the hospital, laid down rules for the care of the sick, and finally summoned the principal ladies of Clermont to establish an association for the relief of the poor according to the system adopted in Paris. "Such is the custom in Paris" was, indeed, in Madame Talon's opinion, a sufficient reason and an unanswerable argument in every difficulty; but the unfortunate associates were so lectured and brow-beaten in the endeavour to raise them to her standard of perfection, that their meetings soon came to an end.

While Madame Talon was thus engaged in diffusing the superior culture of Paris among the benighted provincials, the Royal Commissioners were no less actively employed in establishing the supremacy of the law by their

energetic and summary mode of procedure. Their arrival at Clermont had spread terror throughout the district over which their jurisdiction extended. The nobles, but more especially those of the wilder and more mountainous regions, who had lived in the utmost lawlessness and defied all civil or religious authority, were filled with dismay. They recalled to mind all the evil deeds of their lives, and sought to stop the complaints of their vassals by offering compensation for the injustice and ill-treatment of the past, while those who felt that the accusations hanging over them were too serious to be met, fled the country.

The family of Canillac, one of the most wealthy and illustrious of Auvergne, whose principal branch, the De Beaufort-Canillac, had given two popes to the Church in the fourteenth century, seems to have most distinguished itself by the crimes of its members. The head of the family was then Jacques Timoleon, Marquis de Beaufort-Canillac, whom Fléchier terms the greatest and oldest sinner in the province; a man who for sixty years had gloried in his wickedness, feeling no remorse, and only answering the complaints of his victims with jeers. By the unscrupulous abuse of his feudal rights he imposed enormous taxes on his vassals under frivolous pretexts, and often encouraged them to commit crimes for which they were afterwards obliged to purchase forgiveness by heavy fines. A band of twelve malefactors, whom he maintained in his castle and called his twelve apostles, executed his orders and terrorised the country. The Parliament of Toulouse had condemned him to death some years previously; but as it was impossible to arrest him, he had been executed in effigy, and he could boast of having assisted at his own execution from a window of the house where he was hiding. But a Royal Commission like the *Grands Jours* was not to be defied as easily as a provincial parliament. At the first intimation of danger the marquis

hastened to take refuge in Spain ; he was therefore condemned to death in his absence, his property was confiscated, and his castles ordered to be razed to the ground. Other members of the family also saved their lives by a timely flight ; but Guillaume de Beaufort, *sénéchal* of Clermont, whom public opinion denounced as one of the worst, contrived to set aside the most incriminating documents and to bribe the hostile witnesses, so that the court, though convinced of his guilt, could only reprimand and fine him on some lesser charges. The least guilty of the family expiated the crimes of the others. The Vicomte de la Motte de Canillac at the head of a band of armed men had attacked another gentleman and killed one of his servants ; but the general lawlessness of the province was such, that he did not expect to be molested for what he considered a trivial offence which the king might be induced to pardon. He was, therefore, arrested at Clermont shortly after the beginning of the assizes ; his trial did not last long, and four hours after the sentence was pronounced, he was beheaded.

D'Espinhal, Seigneur de Massiac, a man whose unpunished crimes, according to Fléchier, were one of the principal reasons which determined the king to proclaim the *Grands Jours*, though far more guilty than De la Motte, succeeded in escaping. He was accused, among other things, of having oppressed his vassals, attempted to poison his wife, and killed one of his pages through jealousy. The brother of a person whom he had injured went to Paris to claim the protection of the king, but even there he was not in safety, for d'Espinhal caused him to be seized by his servants at the very gates of the Louvre, and carried off in a sedan-chair. He would probably have been assassinated in the outskirts of the city, had not some soldiers heard his cries for help and rescued him. D'Espinhal had been already condemned to death, but had defied all attempts of the authori-

ties to arrest him ; for the brilliancy of his wit and the charm of his conversation rendered him universally liked and appreciated among his fellow nobles, in spite of his violent and iniquitous conduct towards his inferiors, and they willingly helped to conceal him from the officers of justice. With a band of armed men he wandered through the mountains of Auvergne, never sleeping for two nights in the same place, and protected even by the Duc de Bouillon, governor of the province, who sought to obtain his pardon from the king. When the *Grands Jours* were opened he left the country, and entered the service of the Elector of Bavaria, where he rose to the rank of general, and in 1678 obtained a full pardon with permission to return to France.

The Baron de Sénégas, and the two Marquises du Palais, were also fortunate enough to take to flight in time. The acts of which they were accused show the incredible state of disorder which prevailed throughout Auvergne, and could only be repressed by energetic and arbitrary measures. The Baron de Sénégas seems to have considered himself quite independent of the authority of the State. He had hindered the collection of the king's taxes by violence, and imposed taxes of his own on several villages. He had seized the tithes of a priory, and pulled down a chapel to employ the materials in fortifying one of his castles. He was also accused of two or three assassinations, and of having illegally imprisoned many persons for the purpose of extorting ransom. The sentence pronounced on him in his absence was banishment for life ; his lands were confiscated, his castles razed, and his feudal rights restored to the Crown. The Marquises du Palais, father and son, were condemned to death. Their retainers had killed the servant of a gentleman who had a law-suit against them, and when a tipstaff and six police-officers came to arrest the assassins, the younger marquis, accompanied by several other nobles, drove them

away, pursued them to a neighbouring village, broke into the inn where they had taken refuge, killed three of them, and kept the others prisoners in his castle for some time.

The other nobles who had fled were also condemned to death in their absence. The same charges were brought against all. They had oppressed their vassals by merciless exactions, and lived in a state of incessant warfare with their neighbours: they had waylaid and assassinated their enemies, or pillaged and wrecked their houses; and such was the terror they inspired, that, even when a judge was found with the honesty and the courage to give a decision against them, the sentence of the court could not be carried out. The fugitives were executed in effigy; a mode of punishment which Fléchier much admires, and quaintly calls a happy invention of justice for covering with infamy those whom she cannot seize, and chastising crime in the absence of the criminal. The number of the condemned was so great that on one day as many as thirty paintings were exhibited at the place of execution, each representing the decapitation of a guilty noble whom a timely flight had placed beyond the reach of the law.

The direct intervention of the sovereign in defence of the oppressed peasantry inspired them with a feeling of confidence, and encouraged them to manifest openly the hatred of the aristocracy which had been long fermenting in their minds. Fléchier says that it was observed during the assizes how daring the peasants had grown, and with what readiness they came forward to bear witness against the nobles, though in many cases their complaints were frivolous or even unfounded. Their imagination, too, became strangely excited under the belief that the power of their oppressors was to be abolished. They fancied that one of the objects of the *Grands Jours* was to restore all the lands that had ever belonged to them, and that they were

entitled to re-enter into possession of the fields and vineyards sold by their forefathers. Many of them left off working, and assumed patronising airs towards their masters, graciously offering them testimonials of good conduct and promises of protection; while others, by their studied insolence, sought to provoke them to acts of violence which might furnish a pretext for denouncing them to the judges.

These manifestations of discontent were not, however, confined to the peasantry. A village curé was condemned at the *Grands Jours* to a year's banishment for having preached to his flock upon the tyrannical conduct of the king and his ministers, mingling his denunciation of the government and its heavy taxation with praise of the old Roman Republic. A charge of high treason had also been brought against Henri de Launoy, *avocat du roi*, at Evreux. He was reported to have said, while pleading a cause, that the king was a tyrant and ought to be forced to withdraw into a monastery as had been several of his predecessors, and the kingdom changed into a republic like that of Venice. The accusation was proved to have been false, and those who had made it were punished at the *Grands Jours*; but it serves as an indication of the ideas which were even then floating vaguely through the minds of the people. It shows that at the very moment when Louis XIV. was suppressing every trace of freedom in France by subjecting all the orders of the State to his immediate control, and creating at Versailles the most splendid palace and the most brilliant court of modern times, the first mutterings of the storm which was to sweep away his throne and its defenders had begun to be faintly heard among the mountains of Auvergne.

The *Grands Jours* were brought to a close on January 30th 1666, to the great relief both of the judges, who were longing to return to their beloved

Paris, and of those nobles who had not been accused and arrested, but whose consciences, nevertheless, still reproached them with some delinquencies, and who could not feel easy so long as the dreaded tribunal remained in the country. In four months no less than twelve thousand civil and criminal cases had been laid before the court; two hundred and seventy-three culprits had been condemned to be hanged, ninety-six to be banished, forty-four to be beheaded, thirty-two to be broken alive, and twenty-eight to be sent to the galleys. Although in the majority of these cases the flight of the accused had rendered the execution of the sentence impossible, yet this severity restored order throughout the province, repressed the tyranny of the nobles, and gave to those charged with the execution of the law the courage to perform their duty; so that M. de Novion could assure Colbert that, for the future, a single *hussier* would be able to execute legal decrees without the imposing military escort which had previously been indispensable. To commemorate this victory over lawlessness the king caused a medal to be struck, bearing on one side his effigy, and on the reverse an image of Justice holding in one hand the sword and scales, and with the other raising a kneeling figure representing the enfranchised province.

The official documents of the reign of Louis XIV. bear witness to his sincere desire to promote the welfare of his subjects and the prosperity of France. The king and his great minister Colbert were indefatigable in their efforts to purify the administration of justice, to codify the laws, to encourage public works, to abolish the restrictions on traffic between the different provinces, and establish uniformity of weights and measures throughout France. In carrying out these reforms Louis had to contend with the narrow

prejudices, the selfishness and apathy of the provincial parliaments, and the corruption and ignorance of the municipalities opposed to all progress. He committed, however, the fatal error of persevering in the jealous policy inaugurated by Richelieu, and sought by every means to weaken the authority of the aristocracy and depose them from their legitimate position as leaders of the people. Instead of granting to them a larger share in the administration of their provinces, but at the same time carefully protecting their subordinates against injustice and oppression, he attracted them to his court, and retained them there by titles and pensions, while the local government passed gradually into the hands of the *intendants*, generally chosen from among the *maîtres des requêtes*. Legal functionaries were thus substituted as much as possible for the nobility, as being more subservient to the royal will and more zealous for the extension of the royal prerogative whence their own authority was derived. At the close, however, of the following century, it was mainly *l'homme de loi*, the village attorney, or the member of the provincial bar, as M. Taine remarks, who inflamed the passions of the peasantry, and led the bands of infuriated savages by whom were swept away the institutions under which France had grown and prospered during a thousand years. What resistance could the nobles of that day oppose to the popular movement? They had lost all capacity for taking part in public life; they had ceased to exercise influence over the people. They still retained however their courage and their honour, and were faithful to their king unto death, whether they perished for his cause on the scaffold, or in the heroic struggle waged against the Revolution on the moors of Brittany and in the forests of La Vendée.

# "CORSIKA" BOSWELL.

EVERY one knows Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, and most people who have read it once have read it often; but much fewer people have read his first essay in the art of note-taking and personal description. Yet it is worth reading, and contains the portrait of an interesting man. The people of Corsica still remember Pascal Paoli with gratitude, and only a year ago removed his bones from their London burial-place to give them an honourable tomb in his own island. He was indeed, when Boswell visited him, engaged in a very difficult task. The people of Corsica were a race nearly barbarous, and had the virtues and the vices of barbarians. Simple in their living, virtuous, religious, and brave, their history is deeply stained with violence and blood. So weak was the law that early in the eighteenth century nearly every private injury was still punished by the *vendetta*, and nearly eight hundred persons were said to perish annually by it. For not only was a personal wrong punished by the assassination of the guilty individual, but the *vendetta transversa*, as it was called, extended to whole families: "If a man had received an injury, and could not find a proper opportunity to be revenged on his enemy personally, he revenged himself on his enemy's relations." It was plain that such a custom, long inveterate, indicated a contempt for law for which some reason was to be sought in the history of the island.

The fact was that Corsica had never had a national existence. From the beginning of the fourteenth century it had been under the power of the Republic of Genoa; but the tyranny and misgovernment of that State had excited perpetual outbreaks on the part of the inhabitants, in the course of which one concession after another was wrung

from the Republic, until by the beginning of the eighteenth century the Corsicans had secured a considerable amount of autonomy, while the Genoese only retained and garrisoned the seaport towns of Bastia, Calvi, San Fiorenzo, and Ajaccio. Even from these the Corsican patriotic party made frequent efforts to eject them, at one time under the leadership of Paoli's father, at another by electing as king Theodore Baron Neuhoff, whose chequered career came to an end in London, soon after he had left a debtor's prison in 1756, from which he had been rescued by a subscription raised by Horace Walpole, having entered as his sole asset in the schedule of his bankruptcy "The Kingdom of Corsica." By this time the French Government had begun to fear that if Corsica succeeded in emancipating itself from Genoa, one of the Great Powers would take possession of it. Accordingly in 1738 by a treaty made at Versailles the King of France undertook to reduce the island to obedience to the Republic of Genoa, and Count de Boisseux was sent thither with troops. On his death in February 1739 the work which he had successfully begun was completed by Maillebois. The patriotic generals retired to Naples, and no further rising was attempted until the French troops were withdrawn in 1741, when the whole resources of France were required for the war with Austria. From 1745 to 1755 the old intermittent struggles of the Corsicans against the Genoese went on with varying success under Count Rivarola, Matra, and Gaffori; sometimes with only their own resources to depend upon, sometimes assisted by English ships, for Genoa was in alliance with France. In 1753 Gaffori was assassinated, it was believed at the instigation of the government of Genoa.

He had been "General," and had initiated a system of government sufficiently stable to work for two years without a successor in his office. It was not until 1755 that Pasquale de Paoli was elected General. In this same year the French again intervened, not this time to put down the Corsican government, but to prevent the expulsion of the Genoese garrisons from the seaport towns. The French army of occupation was commanded by Marbeuf and was sufficient to crush the islanders' aspirations for independence. Rousseau wrote bitterly of this interference with liberty, vowing his countrymen to be so slavishly minded, so wedded to a life of tyranny, that if they heard of one free man at the uttermost parts of the earth, they would go there for the purpose of killing him.

The problem therefore which Paoli had to solve was how to govern a wild and semi-barbarous race, to civilise them, to teach them respect for law, to educate them, and to persuade or force them to relinquish the *vendetta* which disgraced and weakened them, and yet at the same time to encourage their martial ardour and love of freedom without provoking the active hostility of the French garrison. For though he lived on good terms with the French officers, there was always present the fear that their passive attitude might be changed to one of active hostility, and even the measure of independence then enjoyed by the Corsicans be sacrificed, as actually happened in 1769. Meanwhile Paoli had some years of peace to carry on the reforms of government and manners which he had at heart. He was by no means absolute; his official position as General only gave him a casting vote in a supreme Council of nine, who were in their turn controlled by an elaborate system of popular election. But his personal influence seems for a time to have been unlimited, and to have been exercised in a manner which secured universal affection and respect. He endeavoured to stop the *vendetta transversa* by attaching marks of infamy to the assassin over and

above the penalty of death; and he laboured to inspire the people with a sense of dignity and responsibility. "Our State," he remarked to Boswell, "is young and still requires the leading strings. I am desirous that the Corsicans should be taught to walk of themselves. Therefore when they come to me to ask whom they shall choose for their *Padre del Commune* or other magistrate, I tell them, 'You know better than I do the able and honest men among your neighbours. Consider the consequences of your choice not only to yourselves but to the island generally.' In this manner I accustom them to feel their own importance as members of the State." These seem honest and statesmanlike sentiments, and if Paoli did not always act up to his theory he is not the only one who has so failed. Apart from his political position Paoli was a man of good education, a fair scholar, much devoted to literature, and fond of discussing questions of philology and other learning. When he came to London in 1769, after his escape from Corsica, he lived a good deal with the literary people. We hear of him entertaining Johnson, Reynolds, Goldsmith, and others of that set; and the speech attributed to him in regard to Goldsmith showed taste as well as politeness: "*M. Goldsmith est comme la mer, qui jette des perles et beaucoup d'autres belles choses sans s'en apercevoir.*" In his first interview with Johnson he discussed some points of learning so well, that the Doctor, who did not often deal in compliments, said, "Sir, you talk of language as if you had never done anything else but study it, instead of governing a nation." His private character was also peculiarly pure and unselfish; and his appearance noble and commanding. "He has the loftiest port of any man I have ever seen," said Johnson.

Such was the man whose fame attracted Boswell to visit Corsica in 1765. The object was not an unworthy one, and Boswell's treatment of his hero showed a good deal of the skill, and not a little of the unscrupulous persistence,

which characterised his later dealings with Johnson. He not only reported his public actions and words, but he watched him at receptions, at table, in his dressing-room; he put leading questions to him on all kinds of subjects, hardly concealing the note-book in which he recorded his answers. The result is a picture of a man of great good-sense, good temper, and candour; a man of enlightened views, without parade but at the same time with considerable dignity of person and address. He seems to have taken just that curious liking to Boswell which Johnson did, a liking not at all incompatible with a considerable dash of contempt. At first indeed Boswell's use of his note-book roused feelings in Paoli the reverse of friendly. He afterwards described his first impression to Miss Burney at Streatham:—"He came to my country, and he fetched me some letter of recommending him; but I was of the belief that he might be an impostor, and I supposed in my mind he was an espy; for I look away from him, and in a moment I look to him again and I behold his tablets. Oh! he was to the work of writing down all I say! Indeed I was angry. But soon I discovered he was no impostor and no espy; and I only find I was myself the monster he had come to discern. Oh, he is a very good man; I love him indeed; so cheerful! so gay! so pleasant! But at the first, oh, I was indeed angry!"

The journal composed by these means constantly amuses by its naiveté and self-exposure, as well as by the real skill displayed in delineating the hero and in observing society. Boswell begins with a great parade of his letter of introduction from Rousseau, who had already been invited to reside in the island as guide, philosopher, and friend, like Voltaire with Frederick the Great. After some delay Rousseau had answered Boswell's application by sending a letter telling him where to go and to whom to apply, but carefully abstaining from committing himself as sponsor for his discretion.

Quite content with the letter however Boswell sailed from Leghorn in September 1765 for Corsica, requiring "the bracing air of that island after a too long sojourn at sweet Siena." Of the licentiousness of his life in Italy he is always prating or hinting. He confides the secret to every one; and some Corsicans who sailed with him, and with whom he quickly became intimate, thought it necessary to warn him, "That he would be treated with the greatest hospitality by the islanders; but that if he attempted to debauch any of their women he might lay his account with instant death." With this salutary caution Boswell landed at Centuri. He is delighted to observe that the people believed him to be coming in a quasi-diplomatic capacity from the English government. He disclaimed it in such a way that they only thought him "a very close young man!" He was received with great kindness by every one to whom he brought letters, and passed on from house to house, and monastery to monastery, on his road to Sollacaro where Paoli resided. His first experience was a sermon from the parish priest at Centuri on hell, from which he reports a sentence:—"Saint Catherine of Siena wished to be laid on the mouth of that dreadful pit, that she might stop it up, so as no more unhappy souls might fall into it. I confess, my brethren, I have not the zeal of holy Saint Catherine. But I do what I can: I warn you how to avoid it." The next thing he retails is a breach of manners on his own part. There were scarcely any inns in Corsica, and he was constantly entertained in private houses; "But," says he, "I sometimes forgot myself, and imagining that I was in a public house called for what I wanted with a tone which one uses in calling to the waiters of a tavern. I did so at Tino, asking for a variety of things at once: when Signora Tomasi perceiving my mistake looked in my face and smiled, saying with much calmness and good nature, *'Una cosa dopo un'altra,*

*Signore."* Having thus anticipated involuntarily the hero of *She Stoops to Conquer*, and having received such a snub (which probably not another man in the world would have published) he proceeds to the capital Corte. He describes the university and its library there, but what most interested him was a visit to the prison and the hangman. "There were then three criminals in the Castle: a man for the murder of his wife; a married woman who had hired one of her servants to strangle a woman of whom she was jealous; and the servant who had actually perpetrated the barbarous deed. They were brought out from the cells that I might talk with them. The murderer of his wife had a stupid and hardened appearance, and told me he did it at the instigation of the devil. The servant was a poor, despicable wretch. He had at first accused his mistress, but was afterwards prevailed with to deny his accusation, upon which he was put to the torture, by having lighted matches held between his fingers. This made him return to what he had formerly said, so as to be a strong evidence against his mistress. His hands were so miserably scorched that he was a piteous object. I asked him why he had committed such a crime; he said '*Perche era senza spirito.*' The lady seemed of a bold and resolute spirit. She spoke to me with great firmness, and denied her guilt, saying with a contemptuous smile, as she pointed to her servant, 'They can force that creature to say what they please.'" Boswell, not content with this charming interview, next visits the hangman, whom he calls a great curiosity. "Being held in the utmost detestation he must not live like another inhabitant of the island. He was obliged to take refuge in the Castle, and there he was kept in a little corner turret, where he had just room for a miserable bed, and a little bit of fire to dress such victuals for himself as were sufficient to keep him alive, for nobody would have any intercourse with him, but all

turned their backs upon him. I went up and looked at him, and a more dirty, rueful, spectacle I never beheld. He seemed sensible of his situation, and held down his head like an abhorred outcast." This unhappy wretch was a Sicilian, of such a villainous cast of countenance, that on his coming to Paoli with a message, the General at once exclaimed "*Ecco il boia!*" behold our hangman!"; an instance, thinks Boswell, of his wonderful talent for physiognomy. No Corsican had hitherto been persuaded, even by the hope of escaping the gallows, to undertake the office. Before leaving the island, however, Boswell hears that his friend of the scorched fingers had volunteered for the post and had been appointed; and he reports a discussion between himself and Paoli as to whether it was to the honour of Corsica or no that the hangman should be a native.

After these cheerful sights our traveller leaves Corte and proceeds to visit Paoli. He plumes himself on being among men of Spartan simplicity, and on adapting himself to their life. The Great Chancellor sends his little boy to his wife to fetch the Great Seal to sign his passport, and Boswell "thinks himself in the house of Cincinnatus." On his journey he stops by a stream to dine on chestnuts and the water of the brook, and at once compares himself to the *prisca gens mortalium*. So virtuous is he, so overflowing with Spartan simplicity, that he harangues the people of Bastelica, who complained of miserable want, on the happiness of their primitive state of poverty, and warned them against "a state of refinement and vice; and that they should beware of luxury." He quite forgets his peccadilloes in "sweet Siena" and all the "delights of Tuscany," and fancies he is longing for primitive simplicity and a diet of chestnuts and clear water. He particularly prides himself on an answer to some native who asked why the English did not believe in the Pope. "Because they

are too far off," said Boswell. "Too far off!" was the reply. "Why, Sicily is as far off as England; yet in Sicily they believe in the Pope." "Oh!" said Boswell, "we are ten times farther off than Sicily." "Aha," said he, and seemed satisfied. "I question much," adds Boswell with delightful satisfaction, "whether any of the learned reasonings of our Protestant divines would have had so good an effect."

The first meeting with Paoli is described with the same parade of minuteness as that with Johnson. He makes much of his fright and awe, of his deep feeling that he is standing in the presence of a really great man. He has however enough presence of mind to notice his complexion, clothes, and carriage. The General had assumed a dress of green and gold in place of the ordinary Corsican habit, because he thought a little elegance necessary in the company of the French. To his presence Boswell is at length ushered overwhelmed with the "workings of sensibility" in his mind. "He asked me what were my commands for him. I presented him a letter from Count Rivarola, and when he had read it, I showed him my letter of Rousseau. He was polite but very reserved. I had stood in the presence of many a prince, but I never had such a trial as in the presence of Paoli. He was a great physiognomist. In consequence of his being in continual danger from treachery and assassination, he has formed a habit of studiously examining every new face. For ten minutes we walked backwards and forwards through the room, hardly saying a word, while he looked at me, with a steadfast and penetrating eye, as if he searched my very soul." Boswell was not however easily discouraged in his favourite pursuit of lion-hunting. The reserve wore off after a while, and Boswell presently ventured on a compliment: "Sir, I am on my travels and have lately visited Rome. I am come from seeing the ruins of one brave and free

people; I now see the rise of another." The little speech had no doubt been carefully prepared, and one can imagine its half-timid, half-pompous delivery. Paoli in reply pointed out that the Corsicans had no thought of anything but a modest independence, and had no idea of rivalling great States. Yet a compliment is a good beginning for a conversation, and they seem to have got on more easily after this, until summoned to the chamber where Paoli with some dozen of his immediate followers dined. Boswell felt himself under "some restraint in such a circle of heroes," but he nevertheless proceeded to question the General on a variety of subjects, politics, history, and literature. "My humility wore off. I no longer anxiously thought of myself; my whole attention was employed in listening to the illustrious commander of a nation." He might have added, as we know, that he was also engaged in taking notes, however incredible in the circumstances.

The longer he stayed the more intimate did he become with Paoli, and the more delighted with his adventure. To his intense gratification he was attended by guards when he rode out, was mounted on Paoli's horse with "rich furniture of crimson velvet and broad gold lace," and could indulge in a feeling of "state and distinction," with which, he adds gravely, "mankind are so strangely intoxicated." He listened to Paoli's conversation, which seems to have been that of a high-minded and cultivated man, with a kind of feeling that the noble sentiments expressed were his own. "I enjoyed a sort of luxury of noble sentiment. To hear these arguments [for the being and attributes of God] repeated with graceful energy by the illustrious Paoli, in the midst of his heroic nobles, was admirable. I never felt my mind more elevated." In spite however of these elevated feelings he did not refrain from taking the General into his confidence on the old subject of personal licentiousness.

This is evident from the repeated lectures which he listens to from him on the subject and the good advice as to marriage which he receives. On another occasion he tried to draw Paoli into censuring the infidelity of Frederick the Great. But the soldier felt too keen a sympathy with the consummate general, and could only be got to say, "*C'est une belle consolation pour un vieux Général mourant. En peu de temps vous ne serez plus !*" Boswell in his turn urged him to marry and have a son to succeed him. "Sir," he replied, "what security can I have that my son will think and act as I do? What sort of a son had Cicero, and what Marcus Aurelius?" One secret of Paoli's popularity is indicated by Boswell, namely, that he had himself a genuine belief in the fine qualities of his people. "Go among them," he said; "the more you talk with them you will do me the greater pleasure. Forget the meanness of their apparel. Hear their sentiments; you will find honour and sense and abilities among these poor men." In return for this their belief in him was enthusiastic. "This great man whom God has sent to deliver us," they called him; and the Abbé Rostini aptly described the general feeling by saying, "We are not afraid that our General will deceive us, nor that he will let himself be deceived."

Boswell's confidences on the subject of his free living were not the only ones he bestowed on Paoli. He tried him, as he afterwards did Johnson, with his own half affected doubts and religious scruples; and he received much the same reproof, though in gentler terms, as he got from Johnson. "All this," said Paoli, "is melancholy. I have also studied metaphysics. I know the arguments for fate and free will, for the materiality or immateriality of the soul, and even the subtle arguments for and against the existence of matter. But let us leave these disputes to the idle. I hold always one great object. I never feel

a moment of despondency." Paoli however had his weakness too. This was a half superstitious belief in dreams which he declared to have often been practically confirmed. "I can give you no explanation," he said; "I only tell you facts. Sometimes I have been mistaken, but in general these visions have proved true." And whether he did really believe in a spiritual origin of these dreams or not, he evidently found it useful that the belief should prevail among his simple people.

Such was the man whom Boswell, true worshipper of excellence as he understood it, delighted to honour both in his time of power in Corsica and afterwards when in exile in London. The book, with its elaborate historical introduction (a really careful piece of work considering all things, but remorselessly cut away by its latest editor), does not contain a full-length portrait as does the *Life of Dr. Johnson*; but it gives us a sketch in a style both amusing and interesting, with many of the characteristics of the greater work. The simplicity with which he displays himself in a ridiculous position may be illustrated by a parting extract, the story of his behaviour to a fierce-looking guide, after bidding farewell to Paoli. "One of the guides called Ambrosio was a strange iron-coloured fearless creature. He had been much in war; careless of wounds he was coolly intent on destroying the enemy. He told me, as a good anecdote, that having been so lucky as to get a view of two Genoese exactly in a line, he took his aim and shot them both through the head at once. He talked of this as one would talk of shooting a couple of crows. I was sure I need be under no apprehension; but I don't know how, I desired Ambrosio to march before me that I might see him. I was on my guard how I treated him. But as sickness frets one's temper, I sometimes forgot myself and called him *bestia* (blockhead); and once when he was at a loss which way to go, I fell into a passion and called to him, '*Mi*

*miraviglio che un uomo si bravo può esser sì stupido.* (I am amazed that so brave a man can be so stupid.)' However by afterwards calling him friend, and speaking softly to him, I soon made him forget my ill humour, and we proceeded as before."

So our poor hero-worshipping Bozzy got home safely with his Corsican dogs and his Corsican dress, in which latter he paraded to the infinite laughter of his friends at the Shakespeare Jubilee. The subsequent career of his hero is matter of history and may be briefly recapitulated. Two months before the birth of Napoleon Bonaparte, in June 1769, the French formally annexed Corsica. Paoli left the island after a gallant struggle and came to England, where Horace Walpole (not impressed as was Johnson by "the loftiness of his port") saw him at Court,— "Dressed in scarlet and gold, though the simplicity of his appearance had not given me the slightest suspicion of anything remarkable in him. The King and Queen both took great notice of him. He has just made a tour to Bath, Oxford, etc., and was received with much distinction" (*Letter to Sir Horace Mann, November 6th, 1769*). His English residence or exile lasted over twenty years. In 1789, on the motion of Mirabeau, he was recalled and appointed Chief Governor of the island under the King of France. He remained faithful to the French Government until the execution of Louis XVI. in 1793. After that event he induced all the island, except the towns of Bastia, San Fiorenzo, and Calvi, in which there were French garrisons, to refuse allegiance to the Convention. The *Consulta-Générale*

named Paoli *Generalissimo*, and with the aid of the English fleet he drove the French out of the island. It was in these operations, in the summer of 1794, that Nelson first rose to distinction, and it was during the bombardment of Calvi that he lost his eye. In June of this year the assembly at Corte voted that the island should be annexed to Great Britain. A deputation was sent to London to make the offer, which was accepted. It was supposed that Paoli would have been named Governor, but in fact Sir Gilbert Eliot was appointed. It was clearly impossible that Paoli could stay in Corsica except as the first man in the country; he therefore returned to England, accepted a pension, and lived in retirement near London until his death in 1807. Corsica reverted to France in 1797. Bonaparte had excited a rebellion against the English on the pretext of nationality, and the British fleet was ordered to carry off the English troops from Corsica, Elba, and Caprera. Paoli therefore lived to see the cause of Corsican independence, to which so much of his life had been given, finally defeated. Corsica shared the fate of other small nationalities in the midst of great and jealous neighbours. But he may have been consoled by reflecting that his exertions in the direction of civilising and educating his people had not been equally abortive. His name is still beloved in the island; and we should be grateful to Boswell for having preserved for us a picture of the man in the time of his greatest power and success.

E. S. SHUCKBURGH.

## LITERARY TRAMPS.

THE Literary Tramp is no new thing. Thousands of years ago a blind one sang of the beauty of Helen and the valour of Achilles. Nearer our own days palmers, with scrip and scallop-shell, told tales for bread as they tramped on towards the Holy Land, or home from it. Troubadours sang as they strolled from castle to castle, and became the Fathers of Literature. Then literature ceased to go on foot. When it could not ride, as Chaucer did, it stayed at home. Bad roads, sparse habitations, above all, the growth of cities, did away with literary vagabondage. Literature almost forgot nature in time, and the tramp took to garrets rather than to highways, and wrote idyls in bed to keep warm. Only within the last hundred years has literature again found feet, and the pleasant spectacle of its makers tramping alone or in couples again become prominent.

Almost the first of literary tramps, if indeed they come within the description at all, were Shelley and Mary Godwin. They have left little trace of their adventures, yet that they could walk, or thought they could, is evident in their plan to go on foot from Paris to Lausanne. We catch a fleeting glimpse of them trudging with Jane Clairmont through the dust, and grumbling bitterly at the evil fare and housing of vagabondage, the two women riding by turns on their only donkey till a sprained ankle promoted Shelley himself to ride, and they had to buy "a chariot." The poorest of tramps they must have been, for not love of nature but scarcity of gold put them on their feet. What the natives of the country thought of them no man may say, for the girls trudged in black silk gowns, and were of the hated nation. Doubtless also they trudged

along in the kid slippers and silk stockings, and the corded and iron-busked stays, that were of that day. No wonder the poet got a "sprain!"

A stouter, if less romantic, pair of pedestrians were James and Harriet Martineau, who in 1822 made a tour on foot together in Scotland, walking five hundred miles in a month. Miss Martineau was always a capital walker while she had health, and Wordsworth accused her of "walking the legs off" of half the gentlemen of Ambleside. For all that she was the most unimaginative of women. She had a "manly stride," and never nymph or pixie, elf or dryad, lured her to follow streams, or to dream beneath rustling foliage.

Robert Browning and "Sarianna" were another brother and sister who covered miles upon miles together. The peculiarity of their journeys lies in the fact that they did not begin them till both were middle-aged. They formed their companionship after Mrs. Browning's death, with whose feeble steps neither of them had ever kept pace. Browning speaks of seventeen-mile walks with Sarianna, and records nine miles accomplished in less than two hours, which certainly required more than the usual "manly stride" from his companion.

The Wordsworths, brother and sister, were splendid examples of literary tramping. Mrs. Wordsworth told Harriet Martineau that William and Dorothy sometimes walked forty miles a day. Tours on foot were a large part of their experience together. The first thing they did after their reunion in 1794 was to start off upon a little stroll, of which Dorothy wrote:—"I walked with my brother from Kendal to Grasmere, eighteen miles: and afterwards to Keswick, fifteen miles,

through the most delightful country that ever was seen." In November 1797 they started upon a pedestrian tour with Coleridge along the sea-coast. A little later in the same month the three set out at half-past four of a dark and cloudy afternoon, walking eight miles for a start, while the two poets laid the plan of a ballad with the sale of which they hoped to pay the expenses of the excursion. The methods of the two did not run easily together, and *The Ancient Mariner* was soon given over entirely to Coleridge.

Dorothy did not walk in a black silk gown. Doubts are reasonable if even she had one. Her usual walking costume was a "little jacket and brown dress." Coleridge we may imagine in the same raiment in which he afterwards travelled with the two in Scotland; the soiled nankeen trousers, the blue coat with brass buttons, in which he mounted a Unitarian pulpit and preached a candidate sermon. Wordsworth doubtless also wore his usual suit of dingy brown, with a flapping broad-brimmed straw hat to protect his weak eyes. They were not three graces, this distinguished trio of tramps! Wordsworth was not a handsome man, not even an impressive man. In spite of the fact that the brother and sister walked, according to De Quincey's calculation, between one hundred and seventy and one hundred and eighty thousand miles, his legs were the worst part of him, and the total effect of his narrow person was even more uncomely in movement than in repose. His walk was a roll and a lunge, with eyes fixed on the ground. "Mumbly on his legs," the neighbours described him. Once Dorothy, walking farther behind him than usual and thus getting a better view, was heard to exclaim discontentedly several times, "Can that be William?" Dorothy herself was short and slight, with such a gipsy tan as is rarely seen upon an English face. Her eyes were not soft, nor were they fierce or bold, but they were wild and startling, and hurried in their motion

like those of some wild wood creature. This same glancing quickness, according to De Quincey, characterised all her motions, although like her brother she stooped awkwardly in walking. "Humming and boing about" the peasants saw the poet, and his sister of whom he wrote,

She gave me ears, she gave me eyes.

"Miss Dorothy kept close behind him," a neighbour said, "and she picked up the bits as he let 'em fall, and took 'em down, and put 'em together on paper for him. And you may be very well sure as how she didn't understand nor make sense out of 'em, and I doubt that he didn't know much more about 'em either himself; but however there's a good many folks as do, I dare say."

Wordsworth sometimes had another foot-mate. Once he found Christopher North directing some road-building near Elleray, Wilson's own cottage. Christopher was in slippers, but joining Wordsworth walked miles with him till not only the slippers were worn entirely away, but socks as well.

Wordsworth wrote of his own zest for walking. "My lamented friend Southey would have been a Benedictine monk in a convent with an inexhaustible library. Books were his passion, wandering was mine. Had I been born in a class deprived of liberal education, it is not unlikely that, strong in body, I should have taken to a way of life such as that in which my Wanderer passed the greater part of his days." At seventy-one Wordsworth wrote of being four hours on foot, even though he confessed at fifty-nine that he was unable to take so much out of his body by walking as formerly. Yet at sixty-one he ran twenty miles a day beside the carriage in which his daughter Dora drove. Poor Dorothy gave in sooner. The twilight of her reason settled upon her and confined her to her own home for more than twenty years, till her death in 1855.

Another brother and sister were good

foot-mates although no great lovers of nature. They prattled of pleasant walks, but never of ardent mountain climbs and plunges into wild abysses. Mary Lamb wrote after a visit to Brighton in 1817 to Dorothy Wordsworth (she being fifty-five and Dorothy nine or ten years younger)—“Charles and I played truant and wandered among the hills, which we magnified into little mountains and almost as good as Westmoreland scenery. Certainly we made discoveries of many pleasant walks which few of the Brighton visitors ever dreamed of, for like as is the case in London, after the first two or three miles we were sure to find ourselves in a perfect solitude. I hope we shall meet before the walking faculties of either of us fail. You say you can walk fifteen miles with ease; that is exactly my stint, and more fatigues me.”

Smooth roads and easy footfalls were evidently the ideal of pleasant walks to the Lambs, to whom the Brighton downs were as good as Westmoreland mountains. It almost seems that they walked chiefly to rid themselves of nervous irritability. There is nothing to indicate love of nature in Mary Lamb's writing, and Charles openly declared himself a stranger to the shapes and textures of the commonest trees, herbs, flowers, “Not from the circumstance of my being town-born, for I should have brought the same unobservant spirit into the world with me had I seen it first on Devon's leafy shores.” Nor did he care for the sea. “I cannot stand all day,” he wrote, “on the naked beach watching the capricious hues of the sea shifting like the hues of a dying mullet. When I gaze on the sea I want to be on it, over it, across it. It binds me with chains as with iron. The salt foam seems to nourish a spleen. I am not half so good-natured by the sea as by the milder waters of my native river.” He cared no more for mountains. Rather would he be “shirtless and bootless in London,” than amid such

summits and mists as Ossian sang. The scenery of the Salutation Inn was more to his taste. He did not hunger for the horizon. The mystery and enchantment of distance never lured him over moor and mountain, brake and fell. He liked *near* things, neighbourly, smiling, open-hearted objects, books, tankards, pipes, cards, snuff-boxes, smiles, chatter. Still he liked to walk. Doubtless like Leigh Hunt, he “felt a respect for his leg every time he lifted it up.” He could not sit and think, he said (which suggests nervous irritability), so when he was not reading he was walking. Afterwards as the Superannuated Man, he looks back half wistfully upon the ancient bondage which made holidays so fair and precious, and laments that now is no need to walk thirty miles a day to make the most of those transient delights. Then what a cockney's-out-upon-a-holiday is the retrospect in “Old China,” of pleasant walks, lunch-baskets, ale, table-cloths, landladies. Their walks leave them only such memories as may be acquired within sound of Bow Bells.

The best foot-mates, far and away, of our century were William and Mary Howitt. They began to walk on their wedding-day, two prim young Quakers, honeymooning among hedgerows like the rustic *ouvriers* of France; and they continued to walk vigorously together during the space of almost two generations of men. A year later they walked five hundred miles among the Scotch mountains, carrying light luggage on their backs and resting at rough inns or rougher cots. They climbed Ben Lomond, wading streams, crawling over bogs, and finally grappling hand and foot with a terrible cone, from the peak of which they gazed upon a prospect to fill the eye of the gods. It was a wild tramp, taken in 1824, and was surely a return of primeval instincts under the quaint serenity of the Quaker guise.

Walking was not fashionable then. Respectability went in gigs, and he who walked, particularly she, was in

popular esteem a vagrant. To see a fair English girl springing across torrents on stepping stones, or carried on a brawny Highlander's back, scrambling through bracken like some woodland creature, and sliding down sheer defiles, was enough to make the peasants fancy the two stark mad. They heard among the mountains of another crazy pair who had lately passed that way. These were Christopher North, the leaping, wrestling, cock-fighting Professor of Moral Philosophy at Edinburgh, and his young wife, he carrying about a quarter of a hundred-weight of provisions on his back, she about fourteen pounds.

The Howitts loved nature, but not as poets and artists do, those pagans of our world. They loved it in the sober, old-fashioned way of the intelligent and cultivated multitude, with no illumination as to "moods," intense or occult, transfiguring the landscape. Trees were trees to them, not sentient rapture and agonies; mountains were mountains, rivers were rivers, just as they were to Gainsborough and Lawrence. The actual nature and its wholesome physical influence upon themselves in mind and body, were enough for the active, objective pair, whose own natures had no mysteries, no subtleties, to be mirrored in a landscape.

During all their long married life, these devoted companions never missed an opportunity for a protracted excursion, and in their daily rambles they walked miles enough to go round the world. In the fifty-first year of their marriage they might reasonably be considered old people, Mrs. Howitt seventy-four, her husband eighty. At such ages the most faithful and sympathetic as well as the most active companionship has usually become a fireside one, and memory, not legs, the enduring bond. Yet here is this mighty couple, stronger, more enduring, than any running youth and maid of classic story, starting forth one August morning to climb an Alp of the Tyrol!

To be sure they do not now carry their personal belongings and provisions, but hire a man for the work. Seventy-four and Eighty started from the village of Taufers, up a steep and ever-mounting road, too steep for vehicles. They walked five hours, till they "were getting weary." It began to rain, but these dauntless youths walked on and on in narrow paths through grassy fields full of flowers. At dusk they came to the *chalet* of a tenant farmer. The wife was baking cakes for supper, the husband and his men eating them. The apparition of the "outlandish couple" so high above the earth, a height where old age is almost absolutely unknown, created as much astonishment as a comet would have done. But they were made welcome, and cordially entertained to supper. Where did they sleep? In the barn, to be sure; on fresh, sweet hay, the bed most affected by youthful vagabonds. Seventy-four and Eighty slept two nights on the hay, climbing twice to the mountain top between times, with strong longing to reach distant glaciers, but finding daylight too short. On the second morning when Seventy-four woke, Eighty had already left his hay for a morning stroll. He returned to breakfast jauntily sporting his hat trimmed with flowers, in Tyrolean fashion.

The open-air feeling of space, atmosphere, largeness, freshness and beauty, pervades the Autobiography. The excursion planned for "dear old father's" eighty-fifth birthday was abandoned only because of the rain. They climbed Monte Carvo together, and they wandered, like youths in an idyll, over the Campagna, gathering flowers. In the eighty-seventh year that William saw, when Mary had seen fourscore and one, she wrote: "Father and I have just come in from a pleasant walk right into the country amongst picturesque houses and such ancient orchards and park-like fields, scattered over with grand old Spanish chest-nuts."

Mr. Howitt died in 1879, aged

eighty-nine years. No more the faithful footmates of sixty wedded years trudge side by side. But not yet does the widowed one sit down quietly at home, and know the pomps and glories of this radiant world no more. She writes that she takes "quiet little strolls," and gathers the flowers her husband loved. She lives to see eighty-nine years, then gently falls asleep, at exactly the age her husband ceased to walk.

"One fine summer evening of 1824 the inhabitants of a primitive northern village saw two travellers, apparently man and wife, come into the village dressed like tinkers or gipsies. The man was tall, broad-shouldered, and of stalwart build; his fair hair floated redundant over neck and shoulders, his red whiskers were of portentous size. He bore himself with the air of a strong man rejoicing in his strength. On his back was a capacious knapsack, and his slouched hat, garnished with fishing-hooks and tackle, showed he was as much addicted to fishing as to making spoons. The appearance of his companion contrasted strikingly with that of her spouse. She was of slim and fragile form, and more like a lady in her walk and bearing than any tinker's wife that had ever been seen in those parts. The natives were somewhat surprised to see this great fellow making for the best inn, the Gordon Arms, where the singular pair actually took up their quarters for several days. They were in the habit of sallying forth, each armed with a fishing-rod, a circumstance, the novelty of which as regards the tinker's wife excited no small curiosity, and many conjectures were hazarded as to the real character of the mysterious couple." So wrote one who saw burly Christopher North and his wife on the vagabondage which Mary Howitt described as, "A species of bee and butterfly flight, sipping pungent juice and alighting upon bloom, for whenever they found a particularly romantic spot or an attractive cottage there they stopped for days, while the hus-

band fished, the wife rested, and both explored the region round about."

One morning, in Glenorchy, Wilson started out early to fish in Loch Toila. Its nearest point was thirteen miles from his lodging. On reaching it and unscrewing the butt end of his fishing-rod to get the top, he found he had forgotten it. Nothing daunted he walked back, breakfasted, made his rod complete, and walked again to Loch Toila. All the long summer day he fished, and after sunset started for home with a full basket. Feeling somewhat fatigued, and passing a familiar farmhouse, he stopped to ask for food. It was near midnight, and he routed the family from bed. The mistress brought him a full bottle of whisky and a can of milk. He poured half the whisky into half the milk and drank it off at a draught. While his hostess was still staring in amazement, he poured the remaining milk and whisky together, and finished the mixture. He then proceeded homeward, having performed a journey of not less than seventy miles!

Between the 5th of July and the 26th of August this couple walked three hundred and fifty miles in the Highlands, "fishing, eating, and staring," Professor Wilson wrote. Unlike bee and butterfly, he carried death and devastation everywhere. One almost shudders to read how much of harmless, happy life went out for ever to make a giant's holiday. He killed one hundred and seventy dozen of trout; one day nineteen dozen and a half, another seven dozen. From Loch Awe in three days he took seventy-six pounds of fish, all with the fly. He shot two roebucks; and he wrote, "I nearly caught a red deer by the tail; *I was within half a mile of it at farthest!*"

On their return the pair, particularly the lady, were the lions of Edinburgh. So far from presenting the weatherbeaten appearance expected, Mrs. Wilson was declared to be "bonnier than ever." It is a little

curious that this lady, who walked on one day of this tramp twenty-five miles, should have died prematurely, some years afterwards, because of insufficient bodily exercise.

Various good walkers have died and left no literary trace of their rambles. Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall were of these, who covered untold miles together and made no note of them. Others do not come within the scope of this paper for the reason that they walked not in pairs but alone. Mary Russell Mitford declared herself "perfectly uncomfortable" without a daily walk of ten miles, and congratulated herself that a friend, come to dwell nine miles away from her, was within calling and walking distance. There is a funny description of this spinster taking long solitary walks at night with a lantern. This would seem to argue no love of nature as incentive to tramping. The dainty Pre-Raphaelitism of the natural descriptions in her books, however, shows that she loved it in her own prim small way.

The Brontë sisters appear to have been almost always walking; one or the other of them coming into every picture of that dreary Yorkshire parsonage, as fresh from the breezy moors. But they walked little in pairs, and carried their passionate hearts and fettered longings out under the gray skies in solitude.

Of our own day George Eliot and Mr. Lewes, miserable invalids though they were, made no mean showing as foot-people. George Eliot's letters and diaries show that scarcely a day was without its walk. One day the pair in company with Mr. Herbert Spencer are five hours on foot. But no gipsy tramps and romantic adventures were in that united history. Their walks too were never counted by miles, but by the time spent on them out of doors. Those slow walks were as eminently respectable as the pursuit of queer insects, and strange fish, and fleeing

health, could possibly be, as decorous as George Eliot's own highly moral and self-conscious letters. There were no "wanderings." Never was there a "saunter," delicious relic of fair ancient beggary when *sans-terres* lived more gaily than lords of broad domains. They took "constitutionals," and for the stomach's sake, not the imagination's. George Eliot's were the shut-in views of one born in a flat country; mere peeps at hedgerows, orchards, meadows, gardens, commons. She sees colour strongly, but not tender or subtle colour; always the bright yellow of the broom, the vivid green of grass, the red and gray of rocks, the gold of sandy beaches, the smart hues of flowers. The "wide" sky, to be sure, comes continually into her glimpses and her letters, but never the beckoning horizon, never the beguiling distance; only and always the well behaved "blue" directly over her head. She hated the wind, and incessantly complained of it, but breezes were "sweet," and sunshine necessary to her. She rarely, if ever, sees the radiance and grandeur of earth from a height, or in limitless expanses. Neither was she in love with the sea; in her mild admiration of it standing midway between Charles Lamb's nourished spleen, and poor Dorothy Wordsworth's rapture, who wept at her first sight of it.

As we count these walkers over, we find not one romantic visionary among them. None of them hear lullabies in the air, or haunting voices in the low wind. They never lose themselves in the shadow of a cloud upon a distant mountain, or brood with a sunbeam over the heart of a voluptuous rose. No mystic thrills and pangs are in their love of nature. Such amorous dalliance they leave to weak legs and narrow chests, to summer hammocks and heated libraries.

M. B. W.

THREE CENTURIES OF OXFORD.<sup>1</sup>

THERE are two distinct aspects under which the University of Oxford appeals to the imagination and affection of the present generation. To the whole of educated England and to half of educated Europe she is the great western university, the home of learning and philosophy in the Dark Ages, the nursery of scholars and theologians whose fame filled her halls with thousands of enthusiastic students drawn from every nation in Christendom. Of Oxford from this point of view as she was in the days of the Plantagenets we are to expect an interesting account from Mr. Gladstone, who has promised us a lecture on the subject as soon as he has leisure to undertake it. This will be for the scholars, historians, and antiquaries of the world at large. To another and very much smaller class, the living men, whether English, Irish, or Scotch, who were at any time, or still are, members of the University, Oxford is endeared by the memory of a happy spring-time, when the pleasures of manhood were enjoyed with the carelessness of childhood, and the last cup of irresponsible gaiety was drained before they passed out into the battle of life. This class may be divided into numerous varieties. There are some who remember Oxford best for the sake of its amusements and its social life, others as the scene of academic triumphs, and the patron of studies in which they still find their chief solace; while others again are more affected by the memory of that great religious movement of which Oxford was so long the centre, and of which the echoes have not yet died away. All alike, however, look

back upon Oxford with a kind and a degree of interest inspired by no other spot and no other institution in the world. Reminiscences of Oxford can never pall upon them; book after book and essay after essay may continue to be written on the subject through the coming years without the authors ever having to complain of a dearth of readers or a decline of sympathy.

The volume just published by the Oxford Historical Society should therefore command a wide welcome. It begins with the reminiscences of Sir Thomas Bodley, who matriculated in 1559, and ends with those of the present Lord Brabourne, who took his degree in 1851. It does not profess to present us with any original matter, the book being merely a collection of passages selected from the writings of Oxford men relating to their university careers; but as bringing together within a small compass the experience of so large a number of competent witnesses differing so widely from each other in opinions, characters, and tastes, and covering the whole period from the end of the Reformation in the sixteenth century to the beginning of the great change which has so materially affected the University of Oxford in the nineteenth, the book has a value of its own quite apart from the elements of interest to which we have already referred. It enables us to take a bird's eye view of Oxford life for more than three centuries, and by comparing one account with another to give a tolerably good guess at what it was really like. It is a pity that the editor has not incorporated some of Dr. Johnson's reminiscences, and also Lord Eldon's, which would have made the picture more complete. But they are pretty

<sup>1</sup> *Reminiscences of Oxford, 1559—1850*. Printed for the Oxford Historical Society, 1892.

generally known, and can easily be drawn upon in supplement of the material here before us.

In the few remarks which we propose to offer on the subject we shall confine ourselves for the most part to the period succeeding the Revolution, by which time Oxford had entirely lost her mediæval character, and had entered on what is usually considered the least creditable stage of her history. It is hardly perhaps sufficiently recognised that this was not altogether the fault of the authorities. When Oxford was at the height of her reputation as a mediæval university, nobody dreamed of going there except for purposes of study. Students of all ages and countries flocked of their own accord to her famous lecture-rooms, inspired by literary curiosity, and not sent there for the sake of education or discipline. Such, we mean, was the general character of the place; and it is one which many ardent reformers of the present age have been anxious to revive. They have not liked to see in Oxford only a kind of upper public school. But the changes they regret were brought about by causes which it would have been very difficult to counteract. It is necessary only to name the invention of printing which, by reducing the value of oral teaching, naturally diminished the number of students who came to Oxford from abroad or from the remote parts of Great Britain to listen to the famous teachers. But it seems to us that the transformation of Oxford University from its mediæval to its modern form was only one part of the great social, religious, and political revolution which began with the Tudors. In the first place, with the cessation of the Wars of the Roses, and the diminution of the baronial households, a change gradually took place in the education of the English aristocracy. For a long time the old idea survived that the profession of arms was the only one becoming a gentleman who did not care to be a priest. But though the idea survived,

the practice founded on it naturally began to die out when war ceased to be the almost constant occupation of the governing class. With the termination of the French and Scotch wars, and the conclusion of the struggle between the Houses of York and Lancaster, the sword was sheathed in England, and the old schools in which young gentlemen had been trained to arms, already greatly thinned in numbers by the bloodshed of the fifteenth century, ceased to be in request, either among the survivors of the feudal oligarchy, or the new gentry and nobility which rose upon its ruins. For the baronial castle and the tilt-yard some substitute must be found, and it was naturally found in the universities. The old system did not indeed die out at once. Scott describes it as still practised in Scotland in the sixteenth century; and a hundred years afterwards we find Julian Peveril sent, when still a boy, to be trained in the household of the Countess of Derby. But these were exceptional cases. As a general rule the college had succeeded to the castle. A classical education instead of a military education now became the hall-mark of a gentleman; and the younger members of the aristocracy, who would at one time have been trained at Raby, Alnwick, or Warwick, now went up to Merton, Christ Church, or Brazenose, and carried their manners with them.

Men of birth and wealth who sent their sons to Oxford could no more compel them to be industrious, or prevent them from being extravagant, than they can now. The majority of these young men would care very little for reading, and it is easy to see what effect upon collegiate and university life would be gradually produced by the influx of a class so utterly unlike the students of the olden time, and strangers to the traditions of learning.

This was the social change. A wealthier class of undergraduates, caring only to walk through the university to please their parents and

guardians, and with no intellectual interests in the studies of the place, had largely superseded the old class of poor scholars who had hung on the lips of men of letters, and whose only ambition was to excel in literature or philosophy. The college tutors did not then, any more than they do now, care to play the part of schoolmasters. The richer class of undergraduates did not in those days care much for degrees; and thus Oxford came to be regarded as a place which it was good for young men to visit; where they might study hard if they pleased, or carry away, perhaps, some aroma of literature if they did not; but where they were not to be compelled to learn lessons as at Eton or Westminster. There is evidence in this volume that the college authorities were not oblivious of their duties; but they seem to have thought that little could be done without the assistance of the parents. Stephen Penton, who had once been a Fellow of New College, and was Principal of St. Edmund Hall from 1675 to 1683, has left us an account of his taking his son to Oxford many years after he had quitted it himself, and of the interview which he had with the lad's tutor. It is too long to quote, but if the reader will refer to it, he will find that it bears out what is here said, and that tutors anxious to do their duty had to struggle, as they have still, against difficulties created by indulgent or inconsiderate parents.

Two other causes must be briefly glanced at in our explanation of the change which came over the University of Oxford between the reign of Mary and the reign of Anne. The Reformation divided Oxford into religious parties. The Civil War made her a political partisan. Two new interests were thus created; two new passions were kindled within the University which it would be only natural to conclude must have interfered with that exclusive devotion to learning which had prevailed during her earlier days. When Oxford became a centre of poli-

tical and religious agitation literature had only half her love. She looked to strengthening the views which she herself entertained by connecting herself as closely as possible with the aristocracy which shared them; and thus in time she began to acquire a kind of lay character, if we may call it so, very different from, and in some respects inconsistent with, the function of a purely learned institution. Thus it is easy to understand that when literature and philosophy ceased in the eyes of the University rulers to be the goal of university existence they should gradually have allowed the old discipline to be relaxed, and have ceased to enforce the scholastic observances of the place with as much strictness as formerly.

But it is a mistake to suppose that this laxity was what many people suppose it to have been who found their ideas upon the reports of Gibbon and Lord Eldon. One of the most interesting chapters in the volume is the vindication of Magdalen College from the aspersions cast on it by Gibbon. It was written about the year 1800 by the Rev. James Hurdis, Fellow of Magdalen and Professor of Poetry; and the author points out, what is undeniably true, that the impressions of a boy of fifteen who did not reside in college more than six months altogether are to be received with considerable distrust, even in the absence of countervailing evidence. But as a matter of fact he convicts Gibbon of several inaccuracies in regard to the college system, which prove that he could have taken very little pains to ascertain what was really going on in his own. Gibbon says that the Latin declamations in the hall had become a mere tradition, while Mr. Hurdis assures us that it had never been dropped, and that in his own time every man of three years' standing was required to take it in turns immediately after dinner before the whole hall, and that gentlemen commoners enjoyed no exemption from it. They seem, from Lord Brabourne's

article, to have fancied even in his time that they enjoyed exemptions which they really did not; and Gibbon may have been easily misled by the talk to which he listened at their table. These declamations were certainly kept up in 1690, as Johnson tells an interesting story relating to them in his *Life of Yalden*.

Gibbon also asserted that there were no public examinations in Magdalen College, that is to say, we suppose, what are now called "collections," an examination at the end of every term before the Head of the college, the Dean, the Tutors and any other Fellows who choose to attend. These, says Mr. Hurdis, were regularly held at Magdalen, and no undergraduate in Gibbon's time would have been allowed to go down unless he had acquitted himself creditably. He gives us a long list of the subjects which the men of different years were required to take up; and if the examination was real and not a farce, nothing more could have been desired. But that is just the question. Forty years ago men could scrape through collections even at a strict college with a very moderate amount of knowledge, and a hundred and forty years ago in a college that was not strict, possibly with next to none. We do not of course say that this was the case at Magdalen; and at all events Gibbon is evidently wrong in saying that there were no terminal examinations there.

Gibbon again makes no mention of college lectures given to classes of undergraduates, though such lectures were given then as now. Johnson tells us of the lecture in hall at Pembroke, where he sat as far as he could from one of the scholars that he might not hear him construe, as he "could not bear his superiority;" and his friend Taylor used to keep notes for him of Mr. Bateman's lectures at Christ Church. But Gibbon seems to have read only with his own special tutor Dr. Waldegrave. The truth was that Gibbon went up to the University, as he himself admits, in a wretched

state of preparation. He was probably too backward to be placed in any class; and in the summer term of 1752 Dr. Waldegrave read three or four plays of Terence with him. As he was with him only an hour a day this was not bad work; and that the lecture was confined to "a dry and literal interpretation of the text" was probably due to the fact that Gibbon required to be well grounded in the Latin syntax. An Oxford tutor in Charles the Second's time, to whom we have already referred, complained that boys were sent up to Oxford so poorly "furnished with Latin" that they could not profit by the studies of the place. Gibbon would have liked to hear a dissertation on the ancient and modern theatre; but his tutor would have been guilty of a great neglect of duty had he thrown his lecture into any such form as that.

Where Gibbon has more truth upon his side is in what he says of the discipline of the college. Hurdis asks what could Gibbon be expected to know about Oxford when he spent half the term at London or Bath, as, according to his own account, he did. But Hurdis takes no notice of a system of college government under which such absences were possible. "My growing debts," says Gibbon "might be secret, but my frequent absence was visible and scandalous." Mr. Hurdis asserts that in a large college the absence of an individual might not have been perceived; but it assuredly ought to have been. It is idle now at all events to attempt to defend a system under which an undergraduate could absent himself from college without the knowledge of the authorities, and return, and go away again at pleasure. It is clear, too, that attendance at lecture was not properly enforced. Gibbon says that his tutor would accept any kind of excuse; and we must all remember Johnson's being sent for by his tutor, Mr. Jorden, when he had been sliding in Christ Church meadows instead of going to his logic lecture. He went with a beating heart and expected a

severe rebuke, but the tutor only asked him to wine. It is true indeed that this story cuts both ways, for if it had been customary to allow men to shirk lectures without any notice being taken of it, why should Johnson have been afraid? After all, we must be cautious of drawing general conclusions from stray anecdotes of this kind. In another version of the same story Johnson says he had stayed away four times running at his own college. But the present writer remembers very well that a man once shirked the divinity lecture for several weeks without anything being said to him on the subject till the end of term, and this in a college where divinity was held of special importance. Yet this was no proof of any general laxity of discipline either in the College or the University.

That Oxford was not the castle of indolence which those who know it only from the imperfect and prejudiced reports of one great man and the *obiter dictum* of another have been tempted to believe, is, we think, pretty certain. Gibbon says that the professors at Oxford had long since ceased to dream of giving lectures. Hurdis says that out of the twenty professors at Oxford fifteen gave lectures regularly. Though Hurdis must have been Gibbon's junior, he was so nearly his contemporary as to have known well enough what Oxford was like in 1754; and we may receive his corrections of the great historian's reminiscences without any hesitation. But this is not all. College "exercises," as they were called, filled a much more important place in the educational system of Oxford a hundred and fifty years ago than they have done latterly, and were talked about in the University just as prizes and scholarships are now. It was the fame which Addison acquired by his Latin verses while at Queen's that gained him the notice of Dr. Hough, the famous President of Magdalen, and a demyship at that college in 1689. Johnson's own translation of Pope's *Messiah* was handed about in the common-rooms and kept him "high in the estimation of

the whole University;" and Johnson himself in his *Lives of the Poets* often refers to these compositions in a tone which seems to show that they were the road to university as well as to collegiate distinction. There was then of course no class-list, and the examination for the Bachelor's degree was a mere nothing. But literary emulation seems to have been kept alive, and classical scholarship encouraged by these college performances, some of which, to be found in the *Musæ Anglicanæ*, possess uncommon merit. The *Carmina Quadragesimalia*, written by the students of Christ Church, were tasks of the same character; and in a collection belonging to the present writer bearing date about the middle of the century, there are pieces displaying such wit, vigour, and command of Latin as to place them much above the level of ordinary modern Latin verse. The declamations were in prose; and these various "exercises" were the Hertfords and Irelands and Chancellor's prizes of modern days. They made a university reputation; and a university reputation in those days was something worth having.

Men upon the whole were probably left more to themselves; and more was expected from them in the way of private reading than now. Even so late as the reign of George the Third, and in spite of the hostile influences to which we have referred, the tradition still lingered that all men who came up to the university came up with the intention of reading. "It is presumed," says Mr. Hurdis, "that when young men appear in an English University, they are in the habit of application, and are old enough to continue their studies without compulsion, actuated by a knowledge of the expediency of research, and a desire to comply with the wishes of their friends." Many distinguished men were opposed to the introduction of the competitive system in 1801, thinking it calculated to check independent study and to prejudice the cause of learning, however much it might benefit

education. But as with our parliamentary system so with our university system, its practical anomalies became too great for public opinion to tolerate. Mr. Gladstone has been one of the first to acknowledge how much was lost by the Reform Bill of 1832; and similarly we may be pretty confident that a change which was mistrusted by men like Gaisford and Coplestone was not all for good, and that learning and scholarship flourished under the old system more than has been generally supposed.

Into the social life of Oxford during the last two centuries we are afforded many interesting glimpses in the volume now before us. In many respects, as may naturally be supposed, life at the university was the same as life outside of it. The bowling-green and racket-court were popular institutions, and boating, cricket, and billiards had each its votaries, though not to the same absorbing extent as at the present day. Fishing, too, is mentioned by Jeremy Bentham as one of the pursuits in which men sought "relief from the weary monotony of existence." But we should think poor Jeremy had the weary monotony of existence all to himself. Coffee-houses were as fashionable in Oxford as in London. The first coffee-house in Oxford was *The Angel*, presumably on the site of the old Angel Inn, well remembered by Oxford men. Others, later on, were *Tom's* opposite the present market-place; *Horsman's*, which seems to have been somewhere near Oriel Lane; *Bagg's* opposite *The King's Arms* in Holywell, and two or three more, each of which was patronised by particular colleges. These houses were frequented by dons and undergraduates alike, and they were the usual resort of both after the early dinners in hall, though the young men had frequently paid a preliminary visit to the tavern or ale-house first.

Throughout these Reminiscences we find frequent mention of undergraduates frequenting "public-houses,"

by which sometimes ordinary ale-houses seem to be meant, and sometimes inns like *The Mitre* or *The Old Cross*. The proctor told Mr. Penton about the end of the seventeenth century that it was impossible to keep young men away from them altogether; and Johnson reminded his old college-friend Edwards of "their drinking together at an ale-house near Pembroke Gate." In the writer's own time the practice was not entirely discontinued. There was a public-house in Bear Lane to which men used to go, and in *Tom Brown at Oxford*, Mr. Hughes introduces us to undergraduates at *The Choughs*, which was just an ordinary ale-house. *The Tun* was the most celebrated tavern in Oxford in the reign of George the First; and thirty years ago several inns at Oxford drove a roaring trade with undergraduates. *The Cross* in the Corn-Market was a very favourite resort for dinners; and a well-known member of the late House of Commons, then a gentleman-commoner at Oxford, was very fond of playing the Amphitryon at this select tavern. *The Mitre*, *The Maidenhead* and *The Wheatsheaf* were also much frequented; and who can forget the Miss Lipscombs and the spatchcocked eels at Godstow?

In Heber's Reminiscences we find the first mention made of hunting. On returning to the University in 1818 he writes to a friend that he finds it much altered for the better, and the manners and the morals of the undergraduates much improved; adding however that men hunt a good deal more than they used to do. In *Reginald Dalton*, supposed to be a picture of the University in Lockhart's own time, a few years earlier than the date of Heber's letter, hunting is a prominent feature. As to the improvement in university manners; if men were more temperate and steady in any marked degree in 1818 than they were fifteen years earlier, we wonder what they were like when *Palestine* was written. We must

suppose that was about the time when Tom Thorpe was at Oxford, and, in assuring Miss Catherine Morland that there was no drinking at Oxford then, this hero informs her that it was rare to find a man exceed his four pints. As this at all events must mean his two bottles, and as this is represented as the daily allowance of an undergraduate, it must be admitted that there was room for improvement.

It must, however, have been gradual. There can be no doubt that long after the latest of the dates here mentioned, a great deal of wine continued to be drunk at Oxford, both in college common-rooms and at undergraduate wine-parties. So long as it continued to be done out of Oxford, it continued to be done in Oxford. The change was only just beginning when these *Reminiscences* conclude; and Lord Brabourne (1847—1851) bears witness to the quantity of "fiery port, strong sherry, and full-bodied claret which went down the throats of thirsty undergraduates" in his time. This was at Magdalen, and it would be quite in harmony with the fitness of things that these convivial habits should have lingered last among the groves and cloisters still haunted by the memory of Addison:—

*Extrema per illos*

*Iside discedens Bacchus vestigia fecit.*

What must have made a great difference in the life of Oxford in the last century was the number of men who continued to reside there after they had taken their degrees, constituting a kind of society wholly unknown in later times. Down to the middle of the present century indeed, and still later, the old-fashioned Fellow, whose college was his home, and who spent his life within its walls, was not unknown. But a hundred and fifty years ago, men of much the same stamp were to be found among the resident Masters and Bachelors who were not Fellows. These, if they did not stay at Oxford all their lives, stayed often for a good

many years, and helped to give a character to the University, somewhat different from what we are accustomed to ourselves. Now Oxford is one gigantic school, composed entirely of pupils and teachers. Then the interests of the undergraduate were not the all in all which they are now. They were not looked after, drilled, disciplined, and examined after the present fashion; a system regarded with equal disfavour both by the Conservative who sighs for repose, and the advanced Liberal who sighs for higher standards of learning. Mark Pattison was as strongly opposed to it as Gaisford himself. In the eighteenth century the University, though in a very degenerate and decaying form, really was in theory what the reformers of twenty years ago desired to make her, a place in which grown men were to pursue independent research. Her libraries supplied facilities not then to be found elsewhere, and though it may sometimes be difficult to distinguish between cloistered indolence and learned leisure we have no reason to doubt that the Oxford of the eighteenth century produced both.

Mr. Oakley, who matriculated at Oxford in the year 1820, refers also to that supposed improvement in the manners and morals of the University during the first twenty years of the century which Heber believed to be a fact. We are however again forcibly reminded by Oakley's reminiscences of the danger of trusting too much to individual impressions with regard to the state of old-fashioned Oxford. Oakley himself admits as much and quotes against himself the description of the society at Corpus, given by Sir John Taylor Coleridge, as it was from 1807—1810, when he was a scholar of that college. Coleridge drew a most interesting and attractive picture of a small knot of men, "living constantly with one another and finding their daily interest in literary pursuits, rational converse, and harmless recreation." Oakley's experience of

Christ Church a few years afterwards was exactly the reverse of this. So, too, as a set-off against the unfavourable accounts of Oxford in the preceding century, we have Bishop Lowth's reminiscences, who says:—"I spent many years in that illustrious society, in a well-regulated course of discipline and studies, and in the agreeable and improving commerce of gentlemen and of scholars; in a society where emulation without envy, ambition without jealousy, contention without animosity incited industry and awakened genius; where a liberal pursuit of knowledge, and a genuine freedom of thought, was raised, encouraged, and pushed forward by example, by commendation, and by authority."

Shelley is another great man who has given the University a bad name. And the long extracts from Hogg's *Life of Shelley* set before us in this volume teem with accusations which are however quite inconsistent with the writer's own statements elsewhere. He inveighs harshly against the ignorance, the indolence, and the total neglect of their duties by the university and college authorities. Shelley complains that the tutors offered him no assistance. Yet for the matter of ignorance we have the following remarkable testimony to the learning still preserved at Oxford, and the painstaking accuracy with which it was taught at University College.

Shelley took the scholastic logic very kindly, seized its distinctions with his accustomed quickness, felt a keen interest in the study, and patiently endured the exposition of those minute discriminations, which the tyro is apt to condemn as vain and trifling. It should seem that the ancient method of communicating the art of syllogising has been preserved, in part at least, by tradition in this University. I have sometimes met with learned foreigners, who understood the end and object of scholastic logic, having received the traditional instruction in some of the old universities on the Continent; but I have never found even one of my countrymen, except Oxonians, who rightly comprehended the nature of the science; I may, perhaps, add, that in proportion as the self-taught

logicians had laboured in the pursuit, they had gone far astray. It is possible, nevertheless, that those who have drunk at the fountain head, and have read the *Organon* of Aristotle in the original, may have attained to a just comprehension by their unassisted energies; but in this age, and in this country, I apprehend the number of such adventurous readers is very inconsiderable.

It is clear from this that good logic lectures, at all events, were given in University College, and as for general neglect, Shelley's tutor sent for him and told him what books to read. What Shelley wanted, we do not well know, and he probably did not know himself. The honour-schools had then been established, and there was plenty of encouragement in Oxford, both for scholarship, ethics, and metaphysics, for those who chose to profit by it.

However, we turn now to the pleasanter side of Shelley's university career. He was extremely fond of Latin verses, a taste which he had acquired at Eton, and wrote them with great facility, and he was also much addicted to long country walks in the neighbourhood, being one of the very few Oxford men who have appreciated the great charm of much of the surrounding scenery. He also disliked dining in hall, and nothing pleased him better than a pedestrian excursion lasting from two or three o'clock in the afternoon till nine or ten in the evening. We only know that he was fond of Shotover; but he must have extended his peregrinations far beyond Shotover, if he walked for five or six hours. Matthew Arnold has shown us how well acquainted he was with the Berkshire side of Oxford, and in *Thyrsis* and the *Scholar-Gipsy* he has immortalised its scenery. But few Oxonians seem to be aware of the very pretty country which lies on the other side, if you pass out of Oxford over Magdalen Bridge, and either keep up Headington Hill, or turn to the left to Elsfield, and so on to Stow Wood. As you approach the Chiltern Hills and the Buckinghamshire beechwoods, the scenery becomes almost

picturesque. In Shelley's own words, "It has no pretension to peculiar beauty, but it is quiet and pleasant and rural, and purely agricultural after the good old fashion." A drive or ride, however, from Oxford to Brill, past Studley and Horton and Bearstall Tower, or by Thame and Chiselhampton to Chalgrove Field, will lead us through scenery which deserves higher praise than this. Only one of the contributors seems to have explored the many pretty little nooks and corners lying in the direction we have indicated, and which we should like to believe that Shelley had explored

before him. As the articles from which the three last chapters are taken have appeared in contemporary periodical literature quite recently, we feel precluded from quoting passages either from Mr. Bedford's or Mr. Keibel's, or Lord Brabourne's reminiscences. But they will all repay perusal, and the half comic, half plaintive regrets of the second of them will find an echo in the bosoms of many elderly gentlemen who may possibly remember the bean-fields between Stow Wood and Headington, and "Windy Davis," and the shooting at Ensham, as well as he does.

## SOME NEW ENGLAND ARCHITECTURE.

CASTLE and manor-house, cathedral, abbey, and ancient parish church, scattered broadly over this island of mist and sunshine, tell to all who can read their time-worn characters the story of the genius, the valour, and the cruelty, the repentance, and the strong spiritual aspiration of our northern race. The story of the Anglo-American Republic is much the same only not so long, but her conquests are chiefly recorded in books. Her battles with red men and red coats, with her near neighbours and with herself, have raised no lofty border fortresses. Her conflicts with the "wingy subtleties of divinity," witchcraft, Quakers, and Calvinism, have left but little mark on the visible landscape. Her castles are the castles of her "Bag Barons;" her cathedrals are mostly new; her mediævalism is recent and in a large measure alien.

Yet it would be a mistake to suppose that the physiognomy of New England, under which name I shall take the liberty to include New York and others of the neighbouring North Atlantic States, differs very greatly from that of the Mother Island. Differences of course there are, especially in architecture; but the general resemblance of the face of town and country in this part of the Union to the same features in England, has been often remarked. It is, indeed, because of this very absence of strong contrast that the tract of older civilisation lying east of the Alleghanies is so often ignored by Englishmen. And yet this tract of early civilisation which is so like England as to be of no interest to the British traveller, illustrates nearly every phase of American architecture since the Revolution. Of course the first

colonial specimens have disappeared along with the aboriginal wigwam,—the settler's log-cabin, the Puritan's log meeting-house, and those more aristocratic mansions of which the "faire greene house in New England" of Sir William Phipps may have been a type. But many of the buildings of the last hundred years still remain. "The Americans came originally," says Matthew Arnold, "from that great class in English society among whom the sense for conduct and business is much more strongly developed than the sense for beauty." This was fortunate for the Republic; for, however admirable a perfect balance of powers may be, in founding states one needs a sense for conduct and business more than a sense for beauty. Yet how much of beauty there is in this "old New England"! Nature has done so much for her; and even amid the areas of undeniable ugliness, which in her commercial and manufacturing towns the American's accentuated sense for business at least has produced, how many refreshing pictures one finds! From the old wooden Greek-porticoed churches of rural New England, and the quaint "gambrel-roofed" houses of such towns as Salem, Concord, and Cambridge,—under whose branching elms Hawthorne the dreamer, Emerson the cheerful and wise, and Longfellow, the poet beloved of two nations, lived, wrote, and sang—to the modern Romish and Anglican cathedrals, and the modern domiciles and suburban settlements entitled of Elizabeth and Queen Anne, the range is too wide for me to do more than touch upon a few examples. I regret that I cannot draw from actual view one of those picturesque New England houses of the seven-

teenth century, which Hawthorne, perhaps from his own imagination, has minutely described. With a chimney so vast that the witches could always have easy and commodious exit, and a "clustering community of wooden gables, the second storey of each, with its lattice windows, projecting over the front," their massive timber frames "were like the skeleton of some old giant," and almost as indestructible as brick and mortar. The lineal descendants of these leviathans, however, seem to be certain old farm and village houses in Massachusetts and other of the strictly New England States. Desolate, weather-beaten, gray and bleached by a century perhaps of wind and rain, we still find them on the bleak country hill-sides, in the older half-deserted villages (peopled chiefly by octogenarians whose children have "gone West" and to the larger towns, or else by foreigners), and on the lonely sand-dunes of sea-shore,—sad, lingering ghosts of once living homes. These houses, always suggestive of wrecks, drowned ship-captains, and the long unwritten tragedy of New England sea-faring life, are for the most part (except of course their enormous chimneys) entirely of wood. The large "gambrel," or curb, roofs, with their dormer windows, are covered with unpainted shingles, warped and curled by the sun, as in many cases the lower storeys are also, though the usual sheathing of this part is the horizontal, over-lapping "clapboard," which is the distinctive feature of even the modern American house. Nevertheless they are not so unlike many old English houses as might be supposed. At a distance the pine and hemlock shingles can hardly be distinguished from the gray slates in common use here, especially when mouldy or moss-covered. The great charm of a red-tiled roof is the warm and variegated tones it takes with age; the shingle roof bleaches to one dull colour. This old colonial type, however, has, at its best, several

intrinsic merits. It belongs to the landscape by a sort of prescriptive right: it is indigenous, and forms a connecting link between the old New England life and the present; and it is satisfactory to know that its characteristics are likely to be perpetuated in many modern structures on nearly the same lines.

Of a different order of traditions is the old farm and wayside house of New York and New Jersey. Hawthorne, shy, sombre, and meditative, the "hereditary Puritan" tingeing all his fancies and guiding his pen, is the presiding genius of the ancient, witch-haunted, New England house; Washington Irving, mirthful and mischievous, is the guardian spirit of these Dutch mansions, which are also in a peculiar manner associated with the Revolution and General Washington. More than one of them served as his headquarters at different times during the war, and have since been turned into repositories of its relics; tarnished epaulets, heavy muskets and swords, with now and then a Hessian boot of elephantine proportions. Unlike the old New England houses, they are of stone, rough or smooth, and sometimes white-washed, and hence have worn well. The roofs and gables, however, are of wood, and the eaves, projecting broadly on each side, are supported by posts and form wide verandas. These picturesque half-stone houses abound on the old high roads between New York and Philadelphia, over which British and Continental armies, one or the other in hot pursuit, have more than once marched; and in the beautiful mountain and forest tract extending from the highlands of the Hudson across northern New Jersey to the Delaware river. Dim, soldierly figures in three-cornered hats and red or homespun coats haunt them,—the "mad" Anthony Wayne, Lee the renegade, Arnold the traitor, André the unfortunate; and pictures rise in the imagination,—the tall commanding Father of his Country (not the Sphinx of common portraiture,

but the man), silently pacing the ground before his headquarters at Morristown, amid snow-clad hills, with the clear-glowing skies of the American winter over his head; or the British Commander, weary of his unprofitable task, asleep in the summer sunshine by the door of a wayside farm-house, after the dinner reluctantly cooked for him in a rebel's oven. With these associations the old New York and New Jersey houses, like those of New England, are of indigenous growth, and it is to be regretted that they also have not been thought worthy of further architectural development.

I have dwelt at some length on these two revolutionary specimens, partly because they are the earliest of the kind that I have yet seen, and partly because they seem to me the best of what may be looked upon as native types. It is true that in point of charm they do not approach the delightful old gables and half-timbered fronts of the English cathedral and other provincial towns; but like them they are free from the pretentious faults characteristic of so much modern architecture in both countries. I have said that I shall not attempt to speak of all the styles produced in the half-century or more preceding the Renaissance of about fifteen years ago; a few marked types, however, occur to me.

At some period in the not very remote past, the more prosperous New England farmer, who was often a Member of Congress and a Justice of the Peace, forsook the low ceilings of the comparatively small house of his fathers for larger and loftier mansions. I do not mean for Heaven, but for that style of white house with green blinds which widely prevailed and yet prevails. It has the usual gable roof covered with pine shingles, and the front is often adorned with classical ornaments neatly carved in wood. This solemn but eminently respectable house, which has its share of the brighter associations belonging to New England life, from its size and striking

colour, or want of colour, still forms a prominent feature of the country landscape. Both in town and country, however, this white-and-green fashion seems to have been almost universal about fifty years ago, and in combination with foliage the effect is even now far from unpleasing. The large square "cupola" house, of a later date, modelled more or less on the Italian villa, and common in the larger towns and their suburbs, was often white also, though not infrequently of a light cream colour. Its nearly flat roof was rendered possible by the use of tin, solder, and paint, instead of wooden shingles; and many examples of the style have yet a pleasing air of spacious comfort and old-fashioned respectability. Usually the homes of men prospering in the professions or in business, the surmounting ornament seems to have been a symbol of success in life in the West as well as in the East; the conclusive comment, it may be remembered, of a certain Californian gold-seeker on the good fortune of his partner was, "That 'cupilo' mansion is his'n." Another early type, in which an attempt was made at more elaborate ornamentation, was the Gothic cottage. With a roof rising at an angle of incredible sharpness, and eaves and gables carved into curious little scrolls and figures, this style had a light and cheerful effect which in its day was novel and pleasing. It was also painted in colours, and will ever be remembered with affection from being associated with pretty gardens, ornamental trees, and carefully kept shrubbery. Of course these are but a few types which stand out somewhat definitely from a confusing aggregate of individual creations, in regard to most of which the trite remark that they are "of no particular order of architecture but their own," might be varied by saying that they are not even that. To be of a distinct order, however, is not the first requisite in a house, for the pleasant "domestic" quality can exist without it. The stately old stone mansions still to be

seen in the towns which were originally Dutch, with wooden balustrades along the roofs, and carved doorways suggestive of the courtly hospitality of colonial days, though hardly constituting an order are eminently domestic. So too are the old-fashioned wooden houses like that of which Longfellow sings in his *Old Clock on the Stairs*, which abound in the pleasanter and more prosperous New England villages. Nor is the quality altogether absent in the large white houses common in the towns of New York and New Jersey, with long wooden columns in front supporting the projecting roof, or in the almost endless modifications of the Italian villa and the few remaining domiciles with the "corbie step" gable imported from the Netherlands. These all have "domesticity" at least; but this cannot be said of the modern castellated villa with its frowning battlements, which was even a worse anachronism in America than here. That absurdity, however, was not often committed in the United States; and indeed in the greater part of the tentative performance up to the Civil War, there seems to have been a steady if not always intelligent effort after beauty and fitness.

The American architect laboured under many disadvantages. He did not have constantly before his eyes, like his European brother, a large variety of more or less approved models. His material was mostly wood, pine timbers and "clapboards," which were yearly growing more and more unsubstantial under the parings of economical machinery. His task was that of translating into light wood forms and ornaments which were originally in stone, or of inventing new forms. He often blundered, no doubt, but he did not as a rule lose his sanity or perpetrate monstrosity. After the war he did both. It was during the sudden expansion of the Northern towns and villages in the prosperous years immediately following the great struggle that the ordinary American architect and the

American carpenter together lost their wits and their morals. The results of this double catastrophe are still visible. Gower Street has been said to express the English architect's "inability to express anything at all"; the suburbs of many Trans-Atlantic towns chiefly express the American architect's inability to combine art with a paramount desire for quick returns on invested capital. It is needless to describe the creations of this speculative era; the long, dismal rows of suburban boxes in the newer streets, helplessly facing each other in the common ignominy of sordid origin, and often in melancholy dilapidation from the bankruptcy of their owners. Besides these regions of comparative gentility, there was a corresponding growth of cheap wooden tenements, those flimsy tracts of pine-wood and plaster, whose frequent and sudden effacement by the besom of fire grimly reconciles the American of taste to the recurrence of that periodical calamity. But this interval of abortive effort had its use. The "Mansard" roofs, flat roofs, and "shed" roofs of this period, and the large country houses of the newly rich, with their grounds often full of cast-iron dogs, deer, and classical nudities, served by way of contrast, as an admirable prelude to the "Elizabethan" and "Queen Anne" renaissance. I am aware that many faults are now alleged against the particular combinations of chimneys and gables which we are accustomed to call by these names. A well-known American writer on the subject says that they are not, after all, adapted to the climatic conditions of the United States. They are expensive; indulgence in a more than usually ornate edifice of the kind has more than once led to bankruptcy and a precipitate flight to Canada on the part of its owner. They are also intolerably hot: they are apt to leak; and under the hands of rash and uninspired artists they become trivial, flippant, pert. All this may in a measure be true, but with their

appearance (which by a kind foresight of nature was coincident with that of Mr. Du Maurier) a cheerfuller sun rose in the American heavens. Postlethwaite and Young Maudie, peacock's feathers, sunflowers, and singular bonnets will for ever live in the grateful memory of many youthful Americans, happily associated with those delightful, and then novel, architectural forms. The student of Mr. Ruskin and Wordsworth awoke one morning to find his neighbour's barn painted green, his neighbour's house grown into points and pinnacles, and his neighbour's children fearfully and wonderfully clothed. It would, of course, be extravagant to say,

Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,  
But to be young was very heaven;

yet it cannot be denied that both in England and America, to the younger generation at least, life at that time became singularly and exceptionally pleasant. To the American the "Queen Anne" revival was more than merely pleasant; it was a restoration, no doubt very imperfect, of the earlier architectural environment of his race. The "Queen Anne" hamlets about New York and other Eastern cities, except that they are apt to be more exuberantly grotesque, do not differ greatly from those in and about London, although, as I have said, they are more largely composed of wood, which permits them to be painted a greater variety of colours. They have the same red roofs and chimneys, the same freaks of gable and window, and the same tennis-courts enlivened by cheerful young people in white flannel suits. One especially pleasant feature they possess; the lawns are not usually divided by walls but are left unclosed, making wide sheets of vivid greenness, refreshing to the eye and to the mind. But while the æsthetic experiment in England is mainly a modernisation of earlier forms still surviving, America had no such prototypes. The Englishman has always had pictures of the Elizabethan world

close to his hand; the American had them only in books. Hence the new order with its fantastic gables and palpably false timber fronts, was, as I said, a sort of restoration of his early architectural environment. To make the illusion perfect some effort of the imagination was of course necessary, but with a little of the "mental squint" which Lewis Carroll recommends, he could make pleasant little pictures for himself, of the Tabard Inn, for instance, and the Canterbury Pilgrims, or of the Boar's Head at Eastcheap, with Nym, Bardolph, and ancient Pistol at the door.

The "Queen Anne" renaissance was also a revelation to many of the possibilities for beauty latent in the American village. The landscape had always seemed to invite some such experiment. Of the salient points of difference between English and American scenery so much has been said that more seems superfluous. America has the Italian skies, not at all times, but in ordinarily clear weather. She has not the admirable foreground of England, nor the famous English "middle distance;" but by way of compensation she has the marvellous colours, the clear blue, purple, and crimson, which her magical and transparent atmosphere gives to the distant horizon. As a pleasant relief to her somewhat barren foreground came the new and picturesque order. The hills and valleys in the neighbourhood of the large commercial cities received the stranger kindly, and little communities of parti-coloured roofs and gables sprang up as if by magic on the many railways centring in them. They have been pronounced by an eminent English critic, "not beautiful," but only "pretty and coquettish;" but if the criticism were admitted (which it need not be, for beautiful many of them are), one might reply that very few towns in England which have been built to order like Tadmor in the wilderness, ever succeeded in being anything more.

It is Mr. Lowell, I think, who says

that the true secret of good writing is "to know what to leave in the inkpot." In a sketch of this kind, even though limited to the north-eastern corner of the Union, one feels that many of the pleasantest pictures must necessarily be left in that receptacle. The church architecture alone of this part of the country deserves a book. The churches more than anything else have stamped on the New English landscape that marked resemblance to the Old, of which I have already spoken. The distant towns present the same features of heaven-pointing spire and square, pinnacled tower. It was mainly to the Anglican body that the Eastern States owed their first good ecclesiastical architecture. The men who wrought for it in the early years of the century had the supreme good sense to resist the growing tendency to "ignorant, reckless originality," and to import the English parish church whole and entire. It was not the way to develop an "American style"; but it furnished the inhabitants of many Puritan towns with ecclesiastical models of a more ornate pattern than any they had before possessed. The modern Puritan church (if Puritan it may be called) has more than bettered the instruction; but it is doubtful whether the first Episcopal churches have been improved upon. The skill and fidelity which mark the work of many of the earlier Anglican copyists deserve only praise. Their modest ambition seemed to be, as I said, simply to reproduce in America the mediæval church of their fathers. Some of their older work looks now as if a giant's hand had deftly scooped up an English church and churchyard, with ivy-mantled tower, spreading elms, and turf "heaved in many a mouldering heap," all perfect and intact, and, without disturbing even the "moping owl," had set it down in the suburbs of some bustling American city. St. John's at Elizabeth, New Jersey (the Elizabeth-town of the Revolu-

tion), is a good example. Not ten minutes' walk from the railway station, where, at street-level after the reckless American fashion, two important lines cross and some five hundred trains daily imperil each other and the men, women, and children of a city of thirty thousand souls, this quiet and beautiful church, with its square, pinnacled tower, its warmed front of decorated Gothic (whether of reddish stone or some light brick, I now forget), and its thick clustering graves and shadowing trees, is not *like* England, but *is* England. It is an exotic, an importation; and my friend, when we saw it in the glowing sunlight of a summer afternoon, said, "This is an English country church! How on earth did it get here?"

I have said that American mediævalism is recent and mostly alien. This is true of New England and of most of the States founded by Anglo-Saxons. Of course in Louisiana, California, and French Canada, although alien (in the sense of not being English), it is as old as the European settlements. The Cathedral of St. Louis, amid the stuccoed walls, tiled roofs, flowers and fountains of old New Orleans, the "adobe" buildings of the early Spanish Missions on the Pacific coast, and such examples as the quaint Bonsecours Church and the beautiful old gateway of St. Sulpice at Montreal, belong to the earlier wave of mediæval religion; and in them we have the true Latin touch. The modern mediævalism which is springing up in many of the Anglo-Puritan States, may be divided into Roman-Hibernian and Anglican. "America," it has been said, "is selling her birth-right for a mess of conglomerate pottage"; and as a part of the result, Irish Catholic cathedrals, churches, and other religious buildings dominate many towns even in New England. But whatever we may think of this readiness on the part of the Puritan Republic to forego her rights of

primogeniture (if such they were), the result has been favourable to architectural variety; and the effect of this later wave of mediæval art, it may be said almost in the learned Camden's words, has been to restore antiquity to New England and New England to antiquity.

I spoke also of the castle of the American "Bag Baron." No disrespect to that potentate was intended. America owes much to him; and as society is constituted there (the order of the Cincinnati having been forbidden early in her history), his function is invaluable. By the power of his bag, whether filled by railways, banking, trade, professional labours, or good fortune, he is enabled, although without titular distinction, to hold nearly the same place in the popular horizon that privileged and titled persons do in Europe. He rises above the dead level of Republican life, and furnishes several of those elements of interest without which the most comfortable of civilisations is dull and insipid: the elements of high life, so called, of life enclosed in park walls, sequestered, and just sufficiently mysterious to excite curiosity and a proper degree of awe in persons without the charmed circle. Of course, I do not refer to the suddenly rich who cover their lawns with cast-iron gods and quadrupeds (although they are not the only offenders), but to those who possess, and have long possessed, refinement as well as wealth; and more especially to the abused and objectionable "*un-American*" class who travel much abroad, whose children are often educated abroad, and who, to say truth, are often foreigners themselves,—German bankers, perhaps—who build in brick and stone on European models and employ skilled foreigners to care for their grounds. It is the money-baron of this class, whether American or foreign, who has adorned the remote suburbs of New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and other eastern cities with the country seats which give to the middle distance

there something at least of that rich and highly finished effect which one sees in many parts of Surrey, and who of late years has even set up his baronial towers among the outlying ranges of the Alleghany mountains.

In one of his most delightful essays, Matthew Arnold, from whom I have already quoted, described the feelings of a shopman walking through Eaton or Chatsworth as being "reminiscences of an age of gold haunting the human heart, aspirations towards a harmony of things which every-day reality denies to us," and asked whether those feelings were to be had in Pittsburgh. It was characteristic of him to compare the chief city of the American Black Country with perhaps the two most charming show-places in England; and, moreover, from what I have seen of the British shopman when undergoing the ordeal of promenade at similar places of refined interest, I have been led to think that his reminiscences are oftener of beer than of an age of gold haunting the human heart. Pittsburgh, though a city of foundries and furnaces, may have suburbs as pleasant as many of those about New York. As a matter of fact our power to appreciate beauty, especially old-world beauty, comes mainly from reading, from history, fiction and poetry; and without this education of the mind, I am disposed to think the fundamental instinct of the Anglo-Saxon everywhere is to destroy beauty rather than to admire it. With a modicum of this mental preparative, however, and some natural sensibility, he would be a dull clerk indeed who could not find abundant food for his imagination in the cathedrals and churches, many of them even now ivy-grown, and in the modern manor-houses, which have been successfully transplanted to the garden spots of the new world.

I have not attempted to describe public buildings other than ecclesiastical. In those, American taste, it is well known, is Italian rather than Gothic; and one might trace the

course of empire nearly across the continent by a series of swelling domes modelled more or less on St. Peter's at Rome, or on the Capitol at Washington. Nor have I described the country towns of the Eastern States, the distinctive feature of which, perhaps, is the wide main street shaded by double, or triple, and sometimes by quadruple, rows of lofty American elms, with branches meeting in mid-air and forming aisles like those of a Gothic church. The towns with the chief cities require separate and individual treatment. Of course, comparing the items which make up the total

architectural result both in the East and in the country at large with the same features in England, the balance must be struck very much in the Englishman's favour. But America is yet young: her work thus far has been tentative; and with the besom of conflagration a constant factor in her development, and an effectual agent for removing her blunders, when not too substantially perpetrated, her future is as rich with possibilities for architecture as for every other kind of human achievement.

A. G. HYDE.

## THE WHITE WEAVER.

A LEGEND OF THE ARCTIC CIRCLE.

FLIERCER than the wind of the dead, when it rises from its sleep to slay the dwellers by the North Sea—

*Hark to the footsteps in the snow!*

Sharper than the arrowhead, when it springs from the bow to pierce the yielding breast and the tender heart—

*See, the tent curtain slowly swings!*

Wilder than the cry of the starving wolf, when it descends in the night upon the sleeping child—

*'Twixt fire and frost a figure comes!*

Swifter than the eagle, when from the heights of snow it launches terror on the spoilers of its nest—

*Rise and behold the White Weaver!*

The face of the man who chanted these strange words was pale and hard. No nerve tingled in the mask-like countenance, no gleam of feeling passed along the cheek; the deep-set eyes shone like two small fires in the eye-sockets of a statue. The rest of him was like other men,—firm, swarthy hands, lithe and active limbs, a well-knit body.

Pascal Declare did not feel comfortable, as he looked at this strange visitor to Fort God's Plenty, and listened to his wild chant. Indeed Pascal, a devout Catholic brought up in the fair parish of St. Genevieve, Quebec, was not without his doubts about this guest's humanity. Then, besides, he was in love, his wedding-day was near, and in the circumstances his brain was keenly sensitive to impressions out of the ordinary. He was a handsome, intrepid fellow, despite the strain of superstition in him. But this strain was there, and it made him now turn nervously to his three companions, as if to gratify his sight with something human and natural. And the men whom he thus saw were both human and

natural. They were indeed men among men; among men, we say, though there are those who maintain that the heathen are not quite men; that the many tribes of this icy half of the continent of America, among whom these three were, are but discoloured fragments out of the quarries of the gods from which the Caucasian was made. However that may be, these heathens are the only immediate objects for comparison with John, David, and Teddie Graham; for they, with Pascal Declare, are the only white men in a district five times as large as Great Britain and Ireland and a thousand times less accessible. Upon Fort God's Plenty flies a flag bearing the letters H.B.C.,—the sign of the Hudson's Bay Company; that Honourable Company of Adventurers to whom Charles of England gave a territory of great but then unknown quantity. That was over two hundred years ago, and Charles is dead and the Company of Adventurers are dead, and all who lived then are,—No! Let us leave that sentence uncompleted now, and when this tale is told the reader shall finish it.

These three brothers had come from Scotland to take positions in the Company's service at different times during twenty years. They had served at separate posts, but by a happy conjunction of circumstances were at last settled together at Fort God's Plenty, John the eldest being now a Chief Factor, and David and Teddie clerks of different grades, though David expected soon to be a Chief Trader. Generally speaking they were practical fellows, zealous, thorough, and forcible. Yet they were unlike in personal characteristics. John was dominating, taciturn, and strictly reserved in his

treatment of the Indians both male and female. David was pleasant-mannered, dogmatical, proud of his physical prowess, and not inclined to be reserved where comely Indian women were concerned. The diffusiveness of his affections did not however prevent him from helping to make Fort God's Plenty one of the soundest and most prosperous, if one of the farthest, loneliest, and most perilous posts of the Honourable Company; farthest because it was within the Arctic Circle, between the Barren Grounds and the Metal River; loneliest, because its summer was so short and its winter so long; most perilous, because the cold was often deadly and wood was not plentiful, while coal was out of the question. Off in the farthest North was that unknown dominion where, wise men had said, no human being dwelt; where endless silence reigned, save when the meteors whirled through the night and the stars swept through the windless air. But did the wise men speak truly? Have not the wise been made as foolish since the birth of the world? The child and the heathen have confounded them. And concerning this distant place beyond the great hillocks of ice and the Arctic Sea, there were legends which passing through the minds of many generations had at last grown vague, while yet they did not entirely die. There still remained Medicine Men who pointed to the utmost North, and pointing made conjurations, and afterwards cured the sick, and also, it was darkly hinted, caused men to decay and die. But perhaps these ghostly gossips lied, and it was all as David Graham put it, "A twopenny juggle."

Until this strange traveller with the mask-like face came to the Fort a few hours before, these white men had never heard anything really definite concerning the mysterious folk who were supposed to dwell where the electric needle points downwards. It was in response to David Graham's pressing invitation to the visitor to give a taste of his quality as a Medi-

cine Man (for such they assumed him to be) that the song of which we know had been sung. The stranger, Tsaga, as he called himself, had appeared suddenly at the Fort with neither dog nor gun nor anything else apparently, save the Indian costume that he wore. He had eaten, he had drunk, and he had prattled his metrical history, or ritual, till the room reeled. "Tsaga, where did you learn all that?" said David Graham. "It sounds like a bit out of Ossian or some Norse saga."

And Tsaga slowly answered: "I have travelled much among the far tribes of whom you do not know, and who have knowledge of the White Weaver, the Maker of Light, and the people of whom I tell; and this is one of their legends."

It was noticeable that Tsaga spoke English with a peculiar precision, as if he were unaccustomed to its use and yet understood it.

"Who is the White Weaver, exactly, Tsaga? I do not understand," said Pascal Declare.

"It wasn't in your catechism at St. Genevieve, was it, Pascal?" rejoined David Graham. "Well, who is the Trailmaster, Monsieur Tsaga, Medicine Man and Prophet?"

"I understand not fully what it means," answered Tsaga. "We know not the completeness of all things suddenly. But beyond the roaring wastes of sea and ice there is at the summit of the world a people who have power to resist the forces of the elements and all causes that make decay. And they alone of the races of the earth possess this power, save those that live at the footstool of the world. There is the song of the White Weaver which has come down through the endless alleys of tradition. I have gathered its fragments from many places, that it be not lost even in this outside land whither it has come with those who were outlaws from the splendours of the summit of the world. Would you hear it?" He looked, as he said this, at

John Graham, who nodded assent, and straightway the song began :

Of the land of the rainbow fire, the waving sky, the long paths of light, and the mighty palaces, the song thereof as to the King.

When from the icebergs rises the powdered wind and the voice of the Angry One cracks through the aching clefts ;

When the mountains rock and lava rolls beneath the feet of the hunter and of her who waits by the tent-door ;

When from the evil place there come the red-mouthed bears, and the dreadful dragons, to ravish and destroy,—

None fears, nor hides, nor falleth.

For in the mightiest palace glows the eye of the White Weaver who liveth in the golden hill ;

And it giveth to the people the deathless frame, till that their time being full, they rise and pass away ;

Till that they rise and bid farewell to all that hang upon their necks, and take their spears and pass away ;

Till that they safely pass into the aching clefts and through the awful plains reaching the golden hills ;

And there have mighty lodges, wherein the fine gar-meat and the fish that giveth the sweet liquor are ;

Where they are and fail not, neither the tall gold feather of the tan, nor the soft down of the north swan ;

Nor many feasts within the happy valley, nor the smoke of the sweet frankincense, nor comely maids.

But they that remain are happy even as they that go, for they prevail against the evil things.

The hands of Tsaga were closed upon his breast and his fingers chafed each other ; but his countenance was like that of the mountain which rises in the heart of the Barren Grounds and has the head and face of a man. When he had finished the Chief Factor said gruffly, but yet as if provoking a reply : "The song is fine enough, Tsaga, but it's only Indian

bunkum after all. There never was anybody living at the North Pole."

To which Pascal Declare added with an affected intrepidity : "So ! it is amusing ! It is we who are the heathen after all ; we have lost something which at the summit of the world they have ! Well, but it is droll !"

David Graham laughed, and smacked his lips upon his pipe-stem greedily, before he said : "I like the idea of the bears, and the dragons, and the happy valley, and the gar, and the liquor-fish, and the bed of swansdown, Tsaga ;" and he smacked his lips again, and shook his shaggy head with luxurious suggestiveness.

Tsaga, with his hand in his bosom and looking closely at him said : "And the comely maids to put the golden feathers in the hair ?"

David Graham took his pipe out of his mouth in blank astonishment and said to Pascal Declare under his breath : "So help me ! The fellow has said the very words that were in my mind."

Here Teddie muttered dreamily, "There are worse things on the earth than a comely maid."

It will be noticed that he only spoke of one comely maid. But then Teddie was young, and he was not used to solitude, and he had not yet learned to console himself among the heathen as David had done, nor to be indifferent as was the case with the Chief Factor. He had in his heart, poor lad, a place of mysteries, a shrine before which passed beautiful shadowy figures, any one of which might make him unutterably happy. They were intangible ; no faint, sweet perfumes floated up from their filmy garments, no strands of their wonderful hair caught his kisses ; but they were real to him, just as real as if they had been first swaddled in a birth-chamber and afterwards prettily made over again in Bond Street. So in the wide solitudes with the moose and the white eagle he thought

persistently of that other and possible world which, so far as he could see, he had left for ever. It was with him when he pitched between a mad rapid and a swift whirlpool, as he and his Indians made their bitter way still farther to the North-west, still towards the far Cathay; it floated before him as he lay among the dogs on the soundless plain and looked up to where was the Yagata, "the man who reclines on the sky,"—there! was he not even beginning to think in the language of the heathen, saying no longer, God, but Yagata? And to what might he not come? Is it strange that his youth was melancholy? He knew well that of the many who enlisted under the flag of the Company but few returned to that world of his dreams, and he could not become accustomed to the thought. He required something else than pemmican and moose-meat for his daily food; he desired other than tea and tobacco for his hourly refreshment. No, as the Chief Factor had said of him, he was not yet broken in. While a man carries Shakespeare or Byron in his canoe or on his dog-sled, he is not easily bended to the use of savage exile; he must become brutalised first. The time would come no doubt when he would seek forbidden things, when he would array himself among those who take many wives from among the heathen; but he could not do it now. Sometimes with a touch of the Chief Factor's cynicism he was minded, as here and there another had done, to send to the Honourable Company in London for a wife, as one should order a barrel of sugar, and receiving her in the yearly vessel should file the invoice and receipt her like common cargo. But he put that away from him, as kindred in its nature to the other rejected companionships. And he dreamed on still, as the words spoken in the presence of Tsaga and the rest bear witness when associated with the tone that gave them their real meaning. At the moment of his

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speaking the door opened, and there appeared one who, with the three brothers, had caused this room to be called by the Indians, Dini-day, which means "the room of the four;" a girl, tall and lissom like a shaft of Indian corn, with beautiful face, an abundance of brown wavy hair, and a fine rosy underflush to her cheeks. She was dressed in a moose-skin robe cunningly tanned and dyed, its folds hanging gracefully about her, while her feet were encased in moccasins embroidered in golden and red thread. She came to the Chief Factor, who had risen, as had they all when she entered, and putting her hand on his arm said musically, "My father!"

Sitting down again the Chief Factor took her fingers in his and held them on his shoulder. He felt them tremble as she looked at Tsaga and caught the gleam of his eyes, those living eyes in a dead countenance. "Ah!" she said, and turned away her head; then stooped and whispered in her father's ear, "He is a strange, unpleasant man, my father!" Then she seated herself at his feet. Pascal Declare's eyes were on her, as the eyes of Hiawatha were once on Minnehaha. Tomorrow he was to marry this child of the Chief Factor and of a chieftainess with a fair face who had ruled among a tribe in the North. John Graham had saved the chieftainess's life in a conflict between her people and their enemies, and she had left all to follow him. Yet the tribe she left were not her own people; for her mother and herself had been found floating in a canoe on the Metal River in the summer-time, the mother dead, herself alive, and bearing a parchment illegible in its faded characters. And since there was a legend among her saviours that one of fair countenance should come out of the North to rule over them, they cared for the child until she came to be a woman and then they made her a chieftainess. And then John Graham came. But many years had gone since this noble woman had departed, betwixt the dark and

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dawn, to the lodges of the morning where the gods are, leaving her child Nadha behind her. And before she passed she prayed that her body might be carried by her husband, alone, to an island in the Lake of Many Waters and there laid in a couch swung between four tall trees. This was duly done by her husband alone, without even dogs to draw the sled. But when he came back from that far journey, whereof he had never spoken to any man, and stumbled into Fort God's Plenty on frozen feet he smiled no more. And yet he was not given to anger; he was merciful and just, if feared. To his daughter he was surpassingly gentle, but he talked little with her, save to teach her his own language. And while she listened to him, her mind was filled with the words of her mother concerning the great spirits, and of mighty men who had conquered other mighty men and fearsome beasts. As years went on these memories faded away, so that they were but as dreams; but the bare discoloured parchment that her mother gave her she kept, wondering concerning it, and prizing it. In her early girlhood she had held herself aloof from the few Half-Breeds and the Indians of the Fort; but the time came when she was beloved by them for her great kindness in seasons of hardship and sickness. And when Pascal Declare came from Fort Seclusion frozen nearly to death, she nursed him and brought him back to life and vigour. Yet the rest had not been easy for him. Perhaps there was some ancient pride in her blood, some lofty shyness that held her from him; or was it simply that her mother had taught her that there was but one good man among this white race, and that was her father? Her uncles she regarded with a gentle reserve. They admired her, but only Teddie had any hearty commerce with her, and he could not understand her. At last, however, she had let Pascal Declare see her mind; her half-austere, half-childish fancies; her strange instincts;

her almost unnatural vision of things beyond her narrow sphere of life, as though there were concentrated in her the fine perception of a race.

What was it that chilled her so, and yet attracted her, as she met the eyes of Tsaga? What was it that shot like arrows through her brain, that sent memories moving like clouds before her eyes?

Then Tsaga rose and said: "The vision of youth is before me, the joy of the heart of father and lover. Of whom the father saith, 'She is the light of my home, and when she goeth I am in darkness; the past only is mine.' Of whom the lover saith, 'She bringeth the gladness of the sun; the first snow is not like to her in pureness, nor the song of the birds of the South in sweetness.' And Tsaga saith, 'There is night here that there may be morning there, for such is the will of the Spirits who rule.'"

The Chief Factor rose abruptly, and with gloomy brows, said: "Indian, your tongue babbles. Stop the run of it, or even the White Weaver shall not protect you from the elements we keep at Fort God's Plenty."

Tsaga laughed,—the click of a bauble behind a mask—and answered: "It is not given to all to be wise. Let not the Medicine Man be reproached or smitten. His meaning is kind; his words are true. Shall the elements fall upon him because of this?"

The Chief Factor looked at the man as if debating, then with a sigh sat down again, and David Graham said: "Tsaga, you've got a deuced queer face. It's like a big frost-bite before the squaws have rubbed it out with the snow. What ails it?"

Again something clicked grotesquely in Tsaga's throat as he replied: "It was a violent illness long ago."

"How long ago?"

"Two thousand moons ago, or more."

"Two thousand whiskies ago! You've been drinking. Doesn't it strike you, Tsaga, that even for an Injun your lies are rather strong?"

Tsaga shook his head protestingly, and David went on: "You say you're a Medicine Man, why don't you get the Spirits who rule, as you call 'em, to cure you? Can't you summon up the White Weaver or anything to restore your face?"

The other replied grimly: "There is a time for all things beneath the fires of Heaven."

Part of David Graham's reply was not refined, but it expressed his feelings: "Holy smoke!" he said. "Do you know that you are quoting the Bible? Where did you learn that? There are no missionaries on the wrong side of the Arctic Circle. And who taught you to speak English? What post of the H.B.C. in a misguided charity brought you up?"

Tsaga, ignoring one part of the question replied, "It is from the words of the White Weaver."

"Oh!—but what do you mean by the fires of Heaven?"

"The waving lights and the arrows of the sky."

"Bo-h! you mean the sun and stars."

Tsaga shook his head: "No, not the sun and stars."

"Well, what the ——"

Where the curtains of the sky quiver in the night, and are blown hither and thither in the noonday;

Where the gateways of the mist open, that the eye seeth afar the place in which no shadows are;

And the perfect stillness reigneth and peak flasheth unto peak the utmost things;  
——there Wisdom standeth.

Thus Tsaga chanted with eyes upon Teddie, into whose eyes again a thought had come. Might not this strange being tell him something of that future of his, which in its possibilities alternately oppressed him and gave him hope? In his mind he framed the words of the question by which he should seek the divinating office of the Medicine Man. This was a foolish thought of his perhaps, he

said at the same moment to himself, but then he was something of a dreamer. He was cursed, or blessed with the poetic temperament; and this fancy was probably not more fantastic than many others that he fondled in solitary moments; possibly less fantastic, because since the world began there have been those who have the gift of prescience; and why should the faculty have ceased in the nineteenth century? So he conned silently the words of his intended question. It was singular that this question had involuntarily shaped itself to the rhythmic motion of *Hiawatha* as it floated through his brain; yet not so strange after all, for Teddie half thought in verse which was the reflection of great men's verses. This did not however prepare him for what came after. As if in immediate response to his inward question, Tsaga, with his eyes intently fixed on the lad, said: "Would you hear the tale of Zus the Mighty Hunter, who loved the places where the many footsteps are, and the Mountain of Battles?"

There was a moment's silence. David Graham sniffed contemptuously; the Chief Factor's eyes were bent on vacancy; Nadha's brows were troubled as though by an effort of memory; and Pascal Declare murmured to himself an *ave*. Then the voice of Tsaga, less unnatural than it had been, almost human indeed, spoke these words slowly:—

The song of Zus, the mighty hunter. He that was young, that bounded over the plain, that slew the bear, and the sharp-clawed tau, and the dreadful dragon; that climbed the high mountain triumphing, that trod upon the red lip of the fiery hill and had no hurt.

Much he yearned for one who came not,  
That should light his heavy hearthstone,  
Empty gladness in his pathway,  
Trim his arrows for the conflict,  
Strain her long hair for his bowstring,  
Welcome him the chiefest victor,  
Place the sweetest meats beside him,  
Bring his children out before him,  
Drive the evil spirits from him.  
Long he waited but she came not,

And his heart grew hot with longing,  
 Long he hurled the spear and lance-head,  
 Heedless trod the frozen plateau,  
 Scorned the many comely women,  
 Came not near the idle revels ;  
 Till from out a golden eyrie  
 Peered the eye of Him who pities,  
 Saw the youth and knew his sorrow ;  
 Called the lightning out of heaven,  
 Cleft for him a sudden pathway,  
 Through the silent frowning mountains ;  
 Drew him to the happy valleys,  
 Closed the gateway of the mountains.  
 But the people found his body,  
 Standing like a column steady,  
 Frozen to the endless quiet.  
 And they cried : " He leaves his image ;  
 Gone is Zus, the mighty hunter."

Teddie shuddered, as though a wave of frost had passed over him. When he raised his eyes which had been bent upon the floor, he saw that Nadha's face was hidden in the folds of her sleeve. Presently David said : " Tsaga, I've met many Medicine Men, but you are the cleverest of the lot by thousands. That isn't the patter of the tribes of the H.B.C. country. It sounds like the saga stuff of Iceland and Greenland. Perhaps you're some old Icelandic god incarnated, eh ? "

Tsaga's hollow voice answered : " I know not of whom you speak. As the days pass you will teach me, and you shall learn further of the wisdom of that people."

" As the days pass, Tsaga ! " said David. " Oh no ! We'll not have you here upsetting our Injuns. You'll have to take your wisdom somewhere else. We don't put up Medicine Men at this house for more than one night. We'll give you pemmican and whisky to-night, but to-morrow at the rising of the sun you are off, Monsieur Tsaga."

Tsaga turned with an ominous look towards the Chief Factor, who nodded approval of what his subordinate had said. The daughter's fingers pressed her father's arm. " My father ! " she whispered. " Nadha has not the tongue of the wise but her heart speaks. It may be the stranger has travelled far and is weary. If he be

evil, it were well not to make him angry ; if he be good, it is not like my father to say in the hour when happiness comes to his daughter, ' Stranger, be gone ! ' "

The Chief Factor now looked at David for a decision ; and David seeing this yawned a little and then said : " Well, Tsaga, I'll tell you what : do something just here that's very fine,—mind you, a very fine trick !—and we'll keep you here and feed you till the moon fills. But it must be something really first-rate. None of the dagger-and-board-swallowing business, remember !—nothing vulgar for Fort God's Plenty."

Without a word Tsaga stood slowly up, drew his clasped hand from his bosom and held it aloft over his head, loosening the fingers very slightly as he did so. Instantly there streamed through them an intense and startling brightness, like the light of the sun at noon, and the room quivered in the rays. There was in the ears of all the sound as of rushing waters ; then the faint clash of spears, and the dying roar of wild beasts, followed by strains of music almost unearthly in its sweetness. A brighter flash of light,—and then there was sudden darkness, and Tsaga's voice said as if from a distance, " Dost thou desire more ? "

A long breath came from each simultaneously. Nadha's eyes were troubled and dilated. She stepped forward into the space between Tsaga and the others, and using that antique fashion of speech which belongs to the highest of the heathen races, said : " Thou hast evil in thy heart. In that moment when the light burned there was an unfolding in my brain and all that thou art was growing clear to me, also the peril that thou carriest with thee, the dreadful thing,—" she put her hand to her forehead and paused. " But what it is I know not yet, for the light vanished, and the opening page of thy heart faded with it. Yet I know, by my mother's soul I know, that thou art cruel and deadly ! "

Tsaga's eyes shone keenly as he

answered: "Maiden, thou hast not rightly judged. There is no cruelty in my heart for thee. Thy destiny is fair. What thou faintly guessed at was blessing for thee and not evil."

The girl drew back to her father's side, regarding Tsaga with awe, and not entirely reassured; yet from the first she had felt a sense of fearful kinship to him, and so she struggled between her aversion and the strange attraction of his presence. And now the Chief Factor spoke in commanding tones: "The hour is late. Tsaga, this is the place where strangers sleep. There is a pile of buffalo-rugs in the corner; we have no beds of down at Fort God's Plenty."

Tsaga bowed, and David added: "A fellow that carries the sun in his pocket hardly needs buffalo-rugs!"

Teddie, standing silently apart, repeated to himself here, without any special relevancy, a verse of a poem which he had had cut from a stray magazine found in the yearly letter-packet:—

No pity, Lord, could change the heart  
From red with wrong to white as wool.  
The rod must heal the sin; but, Lord,  
Be merciful to me a fool!

Tsaga's hand was in his bosom, and his eyes, half closed, were fixed on Teddie. In slow hesitating tones, as if he were reading with difficulty from the pages of a book, he said:—

Earth bears no balsam for mistakes.

Men crown the knave and scourge the tool

That did his will; but Thou, O Lord,  
Be merciful to me a fool!

The very words Teddie was saying to himself before Tsaga uttered them! He started, and looked at the man sharply, but did not speak. David Graham laughed and turning on his way to the door, said: "Tsaga, you mix up your devotion to the Lord and to the White Weaver with a nice disregard of proportion." And with a good-natured toss of his shaggy head he disappeared, followed by all the

others, save Teddie, who lingered musingly. Tsaga touched his arm. "The girl Nadha," he said; "whence came she, who was her mother?"

Teddie told him quickly all he knew. Tsaga bent his head and did not reply. After a moment Teddie went on: "Tsaga, you're not like any Medicine Man I ever saw before. I should like to ask you some questions."

Tsaga remained silent for a moment and then replied: "Wait until the hour of my departure. For are not the words of Him whose words are wise these:—'With thy foot upon the threshold as thou goest thou shalt make a full return; thou shalt not be niggard of wisdom nor scant in blessing.'"

Teddie replied impulsively: "There's a lot of poetry in your stuff, Tsaga. But I want prophecy. I,—I didn't like that about Zus, the Mighty Hunter. Did you make it up as you went on, or what? It was immensely like *Hiawatha*. Where did you ever read it? . . . Oh, all right then, I won't ask these things now. But I want some prophecy not so,—so—confoundedly grim!" And with a smile which was something wistful, and a quick good-night, he was gone.

Tsaga stood for a moment looking at the closed door, a sinister figure in the dim room. Then he stretched out his arms swiftly and said exultingly: "The hour of my release is at hand. These are three of one race: one lives in the present, feeding on the heated fruits of the flesh; after the wedding-feast to-morrow the heart of the father will be altogether in the past; and the other, the lad of many dreams, liveth in the future and findeth no joy in anything that is now or that has been. Are not the measures complete? These three shall sit before me yielding up their lives, and on their outgoing breath I shall be borne to the summit of the world, no longer to wander nor to sleep. The smell of the mighty cedars shall greet my nostrils, the gar-flesh I shall eat, and I shall drink the sweet liquor of the dak-fish. I

shall come in some not far off day in peace unto the golden hill; I shall stand in the gateway of the lofty palace and call unto the ruler of my people and he will hear me; and the light shall be once more within the shrine! . . . The girl Nadha! She too, however it be, hath in her veins the blood of my race. Her face is as the face of her who was with me two thousand moons ago. As I looked into her mind I read there that she hath a parchment of faded characters which she cherisheth, because her mother gave it unto her. She shall read it at the fitting time. And it may be that I shall come again and bring her to our people . . . but it must not be now. She shall live and her husband shall find joy in her, until she too sets her face towards the summit of the world."

Then there was silence, and Tsaga slept.

The next morning the contract of marriage was signed, the Chief Factor joining the hands of the lovers. Upon Nadha had fallen a dream. She moved as one swayed by some subtle narcotic that lifted her spirit up while her feet were still held to the rocking world. She spoke softly, and the smile upon her face did not change. Half-Breeds came in and gave her embroidered belts and *capotes* of well-tanned moose-skin, fringed with beavers' fur. Esquimaux presented her with bags of swansdown that her feet might be warm in them when the harsh night fell, or a dreaded *poudre* day found them upon the plains. Indians brought her the skins of the white fox, rare pouches of reindeer's hide, and knives made from the tusks of the narwhal. And while she shivered, not wholly with aversion, Tsaga clasped about her robe of fawn-skin a belt of some sparkling metal that glistened like silver and had links and interlacings of pure gold, wrought with a rude yet graceful skill. David called her to the window and showed her his gift of a team of eight Esquimaux dogs belted and caparisoned and unscarred as yet

by whip or tooth; to which Teddie had added a cariole with ivory runners and lined with the fur of the marten and the seal. Her father had filled a sled amply with the few things that make life endurable in a frozen world, and her husband clasped upon her wrists two broad bracelets of gold that he had purchased years before from an Esquimaux, who in turn had been given them by the officer of a French vessel wrecked upon the coast of Labrador. And there was another gift as well, not understood perhaps by Half-Breeds, Indians, or Esquimaux, but which in the light of coming events was at least striking. "In the name of God, according to these vows that you have made and the contract you have signed and in the presence of these witnesses, I proclaim you man and wife. Amen!" said the Chief Factor, his usually grave face seeming yet sterner with the effort of emotional repression. Then Teddie stepped forward impulsively, yet somewhat timidly, and read these verses from a paper illuminated with the rude paintings of the Indians:—

Heart of the world, give heed!  
Tongues of the world, be still!  
The richest grapes of the vine shall bleed  
Till the greeting-cup shall spill;  
The kine shall pause in the pleasant mead,  
The eagle upon the hill,  
Heart of the world, give heed!

Heart of the world, break forth!  
Tongues of the world, proclaim!  
There cometh a voice from out the North,  
Between a shadow and flame,—  
A man's soul crying, "I sing thy worth  
O Love of my life and name."  
Heart of the world break forth!

Heart of the world, be strong!  
Tongues of the world, be wise!  
The white North glows with a morning-song  
Or ever the red sun dies;  
For love is summer, and love is long,  
And the good God's in His skies,  
Heart of the world, be strong!

Teddie's face glowed, Pascal De-clare's eyes were moist, the father

turned his head away, and David grinned somewhat confusedly; even the savages had been touched by the lad's earnestness. Nadha took the paper as if she saw not, and then suddenly put her hands upon Teddie's shoulders and kissed him on the cheek. They might have been brother and sister, so near of an age were they. This was the first time she had ever kissed him, and—but there's time enough to speak of that! Only Tsaga was unmoved. His face was turned towards them but his eyes did not look at them. He seemed to have no part in the comedy now. He stood motionless while hunter, *voyageur*, and trapper made their congratulations. He sat unmoving while the guests feasted on the wild meats of the North and drank till their brains swam. At last the two trains of dogs were drawn up before the door and all came forth into the square to see the departure. At the moment when the two Half-Breed gunners upon the wall were ready to fire, when the fingers of the revellers were upon their rifles for a fusillade, when every good-bye had been uttered, Tsaga came swiftly forward to the cariole and said in a low tone to the bride, "By a flame of fire shall that which is hidden be revealed;" then he stepped back again and was lost among the crowd. There was a cry from the Indian who drove the leading train of dogs, a waving of hands, the rattle of musketry, the blundering noise of the little-used cannon, and the two were gone into the north and west towards Fort Seclusion.

They travelled all day through the increasing cold, speaking but little, their faces covered from the deadly frost. About nine o'clock at night they reached the hut where they were to camp. At this hour Tsaga was entering the Dini-day at Fort God's Plenty. The three brothers sat there in silence. They turned to look at him as he entered and took a seat at the table, but none spoke. From without the house there came the shouts of

a drunken Indian, but all was still within.

For a long time the three smoked on in silence, then one by one they put their pipes down as though some thought absorbed them completely. Tsaga with his right hand in his bosom read their thoughts, and said within his heart: "The time is now come! Yet the one is just and strong, the other is full of mirth and lusty life, and the lad is young and noble." There was a struggle in his breast. Yet what were these three to him that he should pause! And the girl Nadha,—she of the same origin as himself! Was she to be the one coming out of the south that should unite the heathen from the outside land with them who lived at the summit of the world? He closed his eyes and strained his will to conquer space. Slowly a vision came. He saw a hut where a bright fire burned and beside the fire stood a man and a maiden. And the maiden said: "His words were, 'By a flame of fire shall that which is hidden be revealed.'" She raised her eyes to the man who bent his brows in thought. After a time he said: "The parchment, the parchment, Nadha!" She drew it from her bosom and gave it to him. He kneeled quickly and held it to the fire, and forthwith there appeared on it writing in the language of those Indians among whom Nadha's mother had been a chieftainess; and this was the writing as Nadha read it:

When this is found I shall be gone away—I speak of a race that liveth at the summit of the world. And the Spirit obeyed by men in that country is called the White Weaver, the Maker of Light. And there was in a shrine of the lofty palace of the King a clear sardonyx stone which was called the eye of the White Weaver. But in the delirium of approaching death the King cast the shrine into a flaming hill and it was lost, though the mountain henceforth flames for ever because of it. But it was told by the White Weaver to the King coming after, that in the quarries of the Metal River in a country called the Outside Land where the heathen were, there was one clear sardonyx

stone which finding there should be peace, and evil should stand far off from the summit of the world. But he who found the stone must, after building a shrine for it, straightway return with it to the summit of the world. Now one of the pilgrims was young and glad of the pleasures of life, and, forgetful of the great command, loved a woman of the heathen at the Metal River. And one day as he laboured he suddenly cried out, for he had found the burning sardonyx stone by which those who live at the summit of the world were able to know each other's minds, so that there be only justice and truth. But the young man, desiring to persuade the unwilling woman to accompany him, hid from his fellows the finding of the stone. And, the spirit of the White Weaver being angry, he confused the brains of the men that they wandered in the heathen lands till they died. And he that hid the sardonyx stone in his bosom was condemned to sleep one hundred years, and then to wander for one hundred years in the heathen land with a face like to the dead, until he should find three pale brothers of one family, whom destroying as a sacrifice he should be free, and should return to his own country. And I am come through many generations of one of those pilgrims, who were to die in exile. These are my last words before I die near a people that shall take my child and cherish it.

Pascal Declare's breath came heavily as Nadha read; and having read she turned wild eyes upon him and sank into his arms unconscious.

And Tsaga caused his mind to relax and said: "It is even so, there is no other way." And yet he paused thrice ere at last with a swift action he caught the one clear sardonyx stone from his bosom with a sharp cry. The three brothers turned quickly towards him and as they did so an intolerable brightness struck through their eyes,

and stayed suddenly the vital forces. But yet it was not so sudden with the lad Teddie. He rose from his seat with a moan which yet was not all pain; "My love!" he cried, and then sank slowly back again in his place still and rigid, as something like a laugh of triumph rang through the deadly brightness towards him.

Then the room grew dark again save for the dim light of the candle. For a long time Tsaga stood motionless looking upon the three. His face, with the death-look vanished, was now as that of other men; and on it was a smile of lofty pity. He drew near to Teddie, and touched his forehead gently, saying, "Thou hast found her now!" and turning vanished through the door.

When next night two anxious faces peered through this doorway the three still sat where Tsaga had left them, awfully alone, the moonbeams mingling with their smiles. For indeed they smiled as does a drowned man who had pleasant visions as he passed. And the two who saw this thing trembled and were overwhelmed. But the woman turned at last and said through the cloud of her grief: "Pascal, my husband, I am of that people! Thou and I will go to the summit of the world. We will have lives for these!" But how they went there, and the tale of their journey and of that which came after, must be told elsewhere.

And this is the truth regarding the death of John, David, and Teddie Graham at Fort God's Plenty, though the records of the Hudson's Bay Company say, with the brutal simplicity of official documents, that they were frozen to death.

GILBERT PARKER.

## ON AN IRISH SNIPE-BOG.

It is the first week of November. The south-west wind, that is hurling the long rollers of the Atlantic in cataracts of foam upon the wild capes of Kerry, laden with scudding clouds and autumn leaves and splattering showers, goes moaning and sobbing inland over the Distressful Country.

Far however beyond the sound of the Atlantic or any other ocean the big bog of Rathvooney thrusts its dreary levels through an undulating region of central Ireland, and it is on such a day as this that the bog of Rathvooney, to my thinking at any rate, appeals most strongly to the imagination. On this dull, grey, wintry morning the spirit of Solitude is indeed abroad upon the bare silent landscape; and it is under her grey wings that the desolation of Rathvooney ceases to be desolate and becomes sublime. There is no sunlight, no suggestion even of sun, to break the spell of pervading gloom, and throw into too prominent relief the encircling belts of civilization that have struggled for generations with its water-logged fringes. Angry clouds rush in wild career through the murky sky at a pace that seems all the madder from the unruffled, sombre, irresponsive solitude over which they race. Behind us on the edge of the bog the ash trees have flung off the last remnant of their leaves. The oaks and the beeches still rattle the dry bones of theirs in the wind, and the long belts of fir wood over whose soft carpet we have just trod play mournful music among their tossing tops. Far away to the west, mile upon mile, far enough at any rate on such a day as this to touch the ever-shifting horizon, and flat as a calm sea, stretches the russet coloured crust of the buried, vanished forest. Nor yet quite vanished either, for here we have more perfect

remains of the primeval trees to whose decomposition the bog of Rathvooney owes its existence than are often seen even in Ireland. The turf-cutting of generations has been done at this corner, and for a quarter of a mile or so, before mounting on to the virgin bog, our steps lie over the hard bed from which the layer of turf ten or twelve feet thick has been removed. All around us, standing one and sometimes two feet above the dark powdery mould that covers the poor unreclaimed soil, looking for all the world like the stumps on a ten-year-old American clearing, stand solid and sound the butts of trees whose last leaves fell no man can say when. Perhaps a thousand, possibly two thousand years ago. At any rate the half century or so they have been uncovered must be but an item in their long existence. There are acres and acres of them here at Rathvooney, firm in the earth where each living tree stood, now bleached white and hard as iron. Here and there too an entire trunk, that from some cause has escaped decomposition, lies half buried in the mould.

They are an uncanny sight, if you let the mind dwell on them, these skeletons of things that grew and flourished at another period of the world's history. They stand up in your path to-day as if the bark had only just peeled off them, and the gashes on their stumps might almost have been made by the axes of men who had voted for Mr. Parnell or contributed to the coffers of the Land League. This is of course not the season when the turf-cutter is abroad, and the rows of donkey-carts that earlier in the year may be seen hauling each peasant's store homeward have long disappeared. The only human being within sight is Pat, who awaits

our approach up on the high bog itself. Snipe, I regret to say, and neither nature in her joyous or pathetic moods, nor yet prehistoric relics, are to-day the object of our immediate quest; and the fluttering spectre outlined against the sky above us, is thus addressed.

"Pat!"

"Sorr!"

"Will the snipe be on the red bog or on the marshes to-day?"

"It'll be upon the red bog, yer honour, the snipes will be this day."

It should be explained in passing that snipe in Ireland are so numerous, and the area of their feeding and lying ground, owing to the nature of the country, is so vast that wind and weather are a most material consideration to the sportsman who would pursue them with success. In hard weather, when the surface of the peat bogs is crusted with frost, the birds scatter all over the country, haunting the marshy meadows and half-drained pastures which are kept ever soft and moist by rising springs and running streams. Other conditions too, not always evident to the eye even of the expert, affect the choice of the snipe between the meadows and the bogs. But in the first grey dawn of a soft November day, such as this, if you were to take your stand near yonder fir woods, you would hear the whistle of innumerable snipe hurrying from their nightly feeding-grounds to the snug cover of the far-stretching bog.

Pat's opinion to-day is sought rather out of deference to his feelings than from any doubt as to his answer. His appearance, it may be noted, is in thorough harmony with the pathos of the surrounding landscape. Standing up on the edge of the black cliff of turf formed by the cut-away bank of bog, a pond of black peat-water lapping drearily at his feet, he presents against the background of gray scudding clouds a monument of fluttering rags. I don't mean to say that Pat's clothes were merely torn, or simply had holes in them. But what had once no doubt been a coat and trousers now

fluttered from his body in an indistinguishable mass of parti-coloured streamers. If scarecrows, or what the Scotch more pithily call "tatie-bogles," were not hopelessly out of their element on an Irish bog, Pat, in his moments of repose upon a windy day, would have no chance whatever of being taken for flesh and blood. If perchance some curious Saxon, prosecuting a personal investigation of the Irish question were to stumble on Pat to-day, he would most likely see in his tattered garments an "object-study" of Ireland's woes, of rack-rents, and landlords, of famines, evictions, and all the rest of it. Such an impression however, like many other impressions carried away by the searcher after truth in this strange land, would be ludicrously wide of the mark. A closer inquiry into Pat's material circumstances would reveal the fact that, whatever the cause of Pat's nakedness, it is not for want of the wherewithal to clothe himself. For this "tatie-bogle" is head-keeper to a very large property indeed. And so far as that office goes in this part of the world, everything within sight, upon one side of us at any rate, or that would on a brighter day be in sight, bogs and tillage, woods and mountains, is in the custody of our friend and his underlings. Pat moreover has a fifty-acre farm at a low rent, and is a warm man all round. His indifference to personal appearances can only be attributed therefore to parsimony, aided no doubt by the consciousness of superiority to the petty requirements of dress.

Local opinion is universal that snipe are not nearly so numerous in Ireland as they once were. In the days before the famine, when the whole shoulder of yonder mountain, now run wild again in heather and bog-grasses and spouting with wet, was covered with potato-plots and patches of oat-fields; when blackthorns were at a premium, and elections meant glorious opportunities for using them; when priests were jovial and cultured, and

landlords were more resident if more reckless ; and when light-hearted misery stalked abroad on fourpence a day,—those were the times from which the great snipe-legends come down, when the heroes of them not only filled the pockets and linings of their long-skirted shooting-coats with the victims of their prowess, but were compelled to stuff them into the tops of their boots, and even into the crowns of the tall hats so punctiliously worn by the gentlemen-sportsmen of those palmy days. It is true that some of the present generation of Irish snipe-shooters are audacious enough to question the accuracy of these time-honoured legends, and ascribe to the garrulity of old age, and the soothing influences of time and soft arm-chairs, the prodigious figures to which they run, and the unerring accuracy of aim that never seemed to fail.

Though snipe are present more or less everywhere in Ireland, it is in the great bogs that cut their level way through the cultivated undulating plains of central and southern Ireland, rather than in the continuously wild uplands near the western coast, that they are most numerous. Nothing like the bags that were once made, or are said to have been made, in Ireland could, I think, be achieved anywhere in that country to-day. At the same time the birds are infinitely more numerous and far more widely distributed than in any district upon this side of St. George's Channel. Anglesea is one of the best snipe-districts of Great Britain ; but the number of birds that rise within range during an ordinary day upon an Irish bog would be far greater than, under the most auspicious occasions, would offer themselves to a sportsman in the bleak refuge of the Druids.

As Pat has observed, there is every prospect of finding the birds upon the bog to-day. Old Don, who is our sole canine assistant, is a snipe-dog *par excellence*. By this I don't mean to say that he is not every bit as pains-taking and staunch over partridge or

grouse ; but for the latter he is a bit slow. His kennel-companions have generally done their work and found their game before he is well started in his investigations, so that there is really nothing left for him to do but to "back" them, in which negative performance, to do him justice, he is never found wanting. Such a secondary position however will in the long run depress any well-constituted canine nature, and Don, like the sagacious setter that he is, has decided that snipe-shooting is his vocation and appears to have made a speciality of it and to have cultivated the aroma of the glorious little bird with marvellous success. Sportsmen in countries where the snipe is only an "incidental," and who require and expect very little notice of its presence from their dogs, would, I think, be amazed at the distance which Don will carry his master or his master for the time being, up to a crouching snipe, and what immense importance he attaches to the neighbourhood even of a "Jack."

The old setter is to-day in his element, as he ranges backwards and forwards before us with a care and deliberation well suited to our own rate of progress. For walking on a red bog, though straightforward enough and comparatively dry, is just sufficiently spongy to make each lifting of the foot a slight wrench ; a wrench not much felt in the excitement of the chase, but which leaves unmistakable sensations in the lower part of the spine when the day is over.

You can't quite trust a snipe to lie even to a steady dog like a September partridge in a potato patch. Your pace up to the "point" therefore is sometimes more hurried than dignified ; and as even the high and dry bog abounds in little green mossy cups just large enough to let one leg in as far as it will go, a day's snipe-shooting is seldom without its incidents, provocative of mirth in the long run if not to the victim of the moment.

As one snipe springs from before the dog's nose, and another rises wilder

beyond, our first two shots go booming across the bog. A pack of grouse, some fifty in number, rise far away and go scudding over the brown waste till they are lost from sight between the sombre earth and the grey sky. Two or three more snipe spring wild at the sound, and fly windward at a pace and height that look as if nothing short of the distant mountains was their goal. They turn however again at the very verge of sight and the faint black specks become for a few moment less indistinct, then suddenly from high in mid air fall rapidly slantwise across the sky to the earth with that peculiar deliberation common to the snipe when he has made up his mind about his ambush. A curlew piping out its plaintive notes flies over us, but at that safe distance which distinguishes the wariest of birds, and a string of teal scared from some reedy pool on the bog-edge go speeding towards its centre and the lonelier haunts where they were bred.

To-day however we are neither stalking wild fowl, nor cherishing fond and foolish hopes of getting within a quarter of a mile of bog-grouse in the middle of November. Snipe on this occasion are our sole care, and to render a good account of them even in Ireland requires undivided attention. A good deal of loose talk goes on about snipe-shooting; that it is a knack easily acquired and easily maintained, as simple, in fact, some people in the snug security of the smoking-room would have us believe, as shooting grouse over dogs in August. Nothing can be more absurd. In eastern countries where they are found in enormous numbers and lie very close, so that the sportsman can more or less pick his shots, snipe-shooting is no doubt a very much simpler affair. There are also in this country beyond question some first-rate shots who have developed a special deadliness in this particular department. Nevertheless the snipe, as he is in the British islands, will get away from a good average shot with a frequency that

no other bird could possibly hope to attain, and to stop him requires upon the whole greater accuracy and smartness than is called for in any other branch of shooting. Sometimes a snipe, rising near, will for some reason or other fly steadily and even with apparent slowness right across the front of the sportsman, and afford an easy shot. But as a rule our little long-billed friend gets away with lightning quickness, and often begins those diabolical antics for which he is famous before you have covered him. Often too he rises at a distance which even in the case of a partridge or a grouse would not leave much time for aiming. When on such terms as these with the *scolopax major* you must be smart indeed.

Generally upon the dry bog the birds will be found lying singly. From the reedy pools however, that are scattered about here and there in its centre, but more numerous along its edges, and in which thick crops of rushes and sedge-grass grow, three or four and sometimes a whole wisp will rise, often in such cases wild, and scatter over the sky. Here on Rathvooney I have seen as many as fifty in the air at once.

To-day, as ever at this season, the whole bog teams with bird-life. Duck and teal, grouse and plover, are kept unceasingly upon the wing by the booming of our guns as we beat backwards and forwards over the dreary levels. Even an old hare, safe in those untrodden wilds, as she thinks, from beagle and greyhound, may spring from the heather at our feet and go cantering at half speed over the rough ground, an easy prey, if the desire for her slaughter were in our heart. But it is not, for the scant hares of Rathvooney are reserved for a nobler fate than a charge of shot. Time was when the scarlet coat of the fox-hunter was a familiar object on the green pastures that skirt the shores of the bog; but times are changed. The red livery, "England's bloody red," was to the political agitator as the cloth it was

made of is supposed to be to the properly constituted bull, and in these parts his machinations gradually triumphed. Out of the ashes of fox-hunting however has emerged the in-offensive "thistle-whipper," who can cheer on his little dogs after poor puss unmolested by internecine strife. The latter, if she ever discusses the state of Ireland with the once harried foxes of the Rathvooney woods, may well quote the familiar proverb, "What is one man's meat is another's poison."

Snipe-shooting is a fascinating sport, and there are plenty of birds upon the bog to-day, but it would be preposterous to ask the reader to follow us further in our long marches backward and forward over the flat brown heath and under the grey sky. It would be wearisome to tell how this snipe lay close to old Don's point, or that one went twisting off at the first scent of danger; how one was caught by the pitiless charge of No. 8 in its first dash for life, and fell a light puff of grey feathers into the mimic waves of a bog-hole; how another turned up its white under-feathers through the hanging smoke of a futile shot and with a *scrawk! scrawk!* of derision cleared the dull background of bog and hill and shot up and away into the restless sky. The sporting writer who undertakes to carry even the most sympathetic reader with him from point to point, and from shot to shot, takes a long pull indeed on the latter's indulgence. It is remarkable even then how he hails the luncheon-hour as a brief break in the monotonous narration. We have no shady side of a hedge however to spread a cloth under, or dilate about to-day. A pitiless rain-storm beats over the bog at the hour when the cravings of nature are getting urgent. And for the shelter of a deep drain we are profoundly grateful at this moment, though we have to eat our lunch crouching in the six inches of running water that covers the bottom of it.

The light wanes on such days as this long before the proclaimed hour

of sunset. By the time we have fired our last shot, have descended from the firm bog and are picking our way through the ponds and quagmires that the turf-cutter has left in his track, the wind, that has all day been whistling in our gun-barrels, has dropped. The grey pall of clouds that has obscured the sky has lifted in the west, and a pale green band of light spreads all across the horizon. The turbid bog-holes no longer lap their black waves against the tall fringing grasses and reeds, but gleam white and still amid the dark expanse in which they lie. Above the ragged tops of the fir woods the cushats are circling in great flocks, and partridges are calling from the oat-stubble beyond; and it is yet light enough to see some distant strings of wild fowl beating their way towards their nightly quarters.

As we leave the bog to the solitude which even the melancholy of closing day can scarcely emphasize, our path is turned aside by the obtruding walls of one of those grim spectres of her stormy and chaotic past that are so common in Ireland. The pile of rude masonry before us has neither name nor history. Irish memories treasure much, perhaps that had better be forgotten. But who shall say what were these rough, roofless, and weather-beaten walls that have been dropping their grey stones for centuries upon the turf; or who what manner of half barbarous chieftains fought and ravaged from here along the borders of the Pale? Desmond and Fitzgerald, Butler and O'Moore, all in their turn had a hand likely in the wild work that these stones could tell of if they could only speak. There is no sign here of the builder's or the mason's pride, no trace upon the rough walls or the wreckage beneath them of the artificer's cunning; no spray of ivy even in all these years has tried to scale the dark forbidding pile. Defence and defiance made the sole care of its builders. Indeed in mediæval or

Elizabethan, or even in Cromwellian Ireland the stone-worker's chisel would have been in scant demand, I fancy, on the shores of the great bogs beyond the Pale. The antiquary and the archæologist are not abroad in these parts. Even local legend has little to say on the subject of this grim relic of a hideous age, about which so little is known that its most diligent chroniclers can scarcely agree in any point save that it was bathed in blood. Perhaps if you have struggled recently with the strange conflicting tales of lawlessness and rapine, of massacre and race-hatred, of which these stones and others like them are not unhappily the only survivals, there will be something of a fascination about this nameless ruin brooding over the dreary wastes of Rathvooney. A fascination of the kind that might be wanting if you could purchase its complete history in the neighbouring village for sixpence, and procure photographs and ginger-beer in its grass-grown courts.

In the two or three miles that lie between us and home, modern Ireland, both animate and inanimate, is amply typified. The long, grey twilight will serve us for our passing notes. If it does not, no matter. The objects we shall meet on an oft-trodden path are familiar enough. Strings of ass-carts are jogging along the highway, for it has been market-day in the neighbouring town. Some of their drivers have been too evidently celebrating something else than the centenary of Father Mathew, but the patient, half-fed, rough-coated beasts that draw them keep their rank in the procession as if to conceal their master's shame. Two or three couples of stalwart constables, in their smart uniforms, on their way to some country barrack, salute my companion with military precision. The bells of a Jesuit Convent of recent settlement ring out from a neighbouring height, and a long procession of its dark-robed inmates goes streaming homeward over a neighbouring pasture. A horse-

man, approaching at no snail's pace, reins his steed up on its haunches as he comes level with us, and seems to be in a state of great excitement.

"Have you heard the news, Masther Tom?"

I may here parenthetically observe that one of the privileges of living out your life in the place where you were born is that of perpetual youth. What are wrinkles and grey hairs? What are the cares of office, the responsibilities of middle life, if everybody a little older than yourself calls you "Masther Tom"?

"I have not," says Masther Tom.

Now an Englishman unacquainted with the main features of Irish country life would be apt to infer from the attitude of our friend on horseback, that the French had landed, or that the Chief Secretary had been assassinated, or at the very least that Mr. William O'Brien or Dr. Tanner had performed one of those desperate acts of heroism which the modern patriot delights in. Nothing of the sort! The news is of a kind that would be, I am quite sure, of more interest to four people out of five in the neighbourhood, than any political contingency however momentous, for it is to the effect that Pat Murphy has sold his bay mare to a Dublin dealer for £150! Now anybody who knows anything at all of country life in Ireland must know also what profound interest is taken in every local horse that carries a saddle on its back. I would go further, and say that I think it would be scarcely possible for any one who was indifferent to the virtues of the noble animal, and disinclined or unable to discuss them, to live at all in the south of Ireland and maintain the respect of his neighbours.

I remember well many years ago being the recipient of the confidences on this subject of a young sub-inspector of police who was quartered in this district. He was an Englishman, just come from Oxford with no small reputation as an athlete, but entirely fresh not only to Irish life but to country life

generally, and having no acquaintance worth mentioning with the noble animal and its ways. They played however such a conspicuous part both in his professional and social duties that he had nothing for it but to struggle with the art of horsemanship, and to educate himself into a proper mental attitude on the horse-question generally. The progress in this particular of the sub-inspector, and the incidents that marked it, afforded a target for all the wit and good-humoured chaff, to say nothing of the practical joking, that half a county had to spare. And there is no country in the world where the supply of those commodities is so formidable as Ireland, more especially when exercised upon such a topic. The poor fellow worked very hard however to achieve the esteem of his neighbours, and seemed really making some way, when an untoward accident happened that brought on a serious relapse. On a cold winter's morning the stalwart form of the young officer revealed itself in the most pitiable plight to the eyes of (unfortunately!) the greatest wag of the neighbourhood. Standing at the edge of a soft green strip of bog skirting the high road, clad in full uniform the whole of which from his smart forage cap to his well-polished boots was covered with a thick cake of wet black mud, he was hauling away, and to all appearance vainly, at a dark object just showing above the green slime, which a nearer inspection proved to be his charger. The unhappy young gentleman was cursing the country with the singularly hearty maledictions that a true Briton is apt to bestow on an alien soil when it is treating him badly. Ultimately, and with some difficulty, the horse was dragged out with ropes; and it was discovered that his rider had turned off the road to have a canter on what he conceived to be turf! Then indeed did the poor subaltern of police seriously contemplate resigning his commission, or applying for an exchange to some more sedately-minded and remote community where the

horrid story could not follow him. He stayed to live it down however, and even achieved some later distinction by driving his horse, trap, and himself one dark night, without material damage to anything concerned, over a five-barred gate. That the performance was quite unintentional was entirely overlooked by the generous folks to whom the sub-inspector's adventures had given such long-continued delight. It was a noble exploit; that was enough, and full credit was given to the performance.

Here, again, standing by the road is a tenantless lodge, where a gate off its hinges and a long avenue of noble beeches lead to a large sad-coloured square house from which the stucco has fallen in great cakes. There died here not long ago a queer specimen of the old-fashioned Irish gentleman and a remarkable survival of old-fashioned Irish ideas. In his youth he was the great snipe-shot of the county; in his old age the terror of the local Bench of which he was chairman. His legal decisions were influenced to such an unblushing extent by his personal feelings for the subject of them, and were delivered in such a glorious brogue, that some of them were worth crossing Ireland to hear, and many will live in local history for all time. Agriculture was the favourite hobby of this hero's declining years, though no one from a cursory glance at the condition of his demesne would have supposed so. Long discussions on artificial manures and sub-soil draining between the chairman of the Bench and the prisoner of witnesses had become quite a recognised feature of the operations at the neighbouring court-house,—a feature more relished by the ragged unkempt throng at the back of the court than by the rest of the impatient justices. The boast of this departed worthy was that he had not slept out of his own house since the Exhibition of 1851. The boast of his neighbour on the other hand might fairly be that he has never slept in his own

house, and very seldom in Ireland at all during the course of an already advanced life. As if to throw into sharp contrast two familiar types of Irish landlord, fate has ordained that their respective possessions should lie side by side, for here, not half a mile along the road, are the great iron gates, and well-built park-wall that enclose the stately desert of one of those perennially absent magnates to whom the professional agitator ought to be so profoundly grateful. It is an instructive study, this smooth expanse of wood and park shut in and hidden from the outside world by a ring fence. Outside there is little to remind you of England; inside it there is still less suggestive of Ireland, except perhaps that the solitude which accompanies the grandeur has evidences of permanency about it that would have no parallel in this happier land. In the park, which is so large that the drive is a mile long, fallow deer are grazing; spreading lawns and ornamental lakes surround the house on all sides. This is no fox-hunting squire's residence, but the palace of a *grand seigneur*; a cold, stately pile of Georgian origin and considerable pretensions, suggestive of an interior rich in old pictures and costly treasures, with a grave house-keeper who, for a consideration, shows them to tourists and other humble folk who have picnicked in the park under the big trees. But no tourists or visitors ever wake the echoes or darken the doors of these deserted halls, unoccupied for fully fifty years. A great Cromwellian was the ancestor of the present peer; none of your captains, or sergeants, or troopers who blossomed out gradually in the whirligig of time and periodical eruptions into landowners and squires and justices of the peace. This Cromwellian

was a great chief, and a vast tract of country fell to his share under the brief stern rule of the Protector. On this tract his soldiers and captains settled by whole troops. To this day their descendants are very numerous, and have withstood in a marvellous manner the waves of conflicting races that so often in later days swept backwards and forwards over these older settlements. Their hereditary chief is no longer with them, it is true, but for many miles over the country that stretches towards the mountain, an eye, used to Irish landscape, would mark the unwonted neatness and thrift in house and homestead which in these southern counties so generally denotes the presence of a strong Protestant element.

There is yet just light enough to make out the form of a tall column, which rises from the crest of a wooded hill behind the mansion and traces itself indistinctly against the fast darkening sky. Nothing however can be seen at this distance of the martial image that crowns it. The image of a descendant of the great Cromwellian who went out from these retired glades to achieve imperial and world-wide fame. There is much of irony, and much of pathos too, in this weather-beaten figure of stone, this hero of courts and camps perched up in the clouds and mists with the wild bogs on the one side and the wilder mountains on the other. A solitary sentinel he seems to be, keeping mournful watch over his long deserted halls; doomed to gaze for ever over the broad domains in which for half a century, up there on his stony pedestal between heaven and earth, he has been the only resident of his famous name.

A. G. BRADLEY.

